1486 dd 20

THE FUNERAL,

OR

GRIEF A-LA-MODE,

A

COMEDY.

As it is acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*,

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo; sic
Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur. Hor.

Written by Sr. Richd. Steel

EDINBURGH:

Printed for G. HAMILTON, and J. BALFOUR.

M,DCC,LV.

6
57
MAR

TO

The Right Honourable

The COUNTESS of *ALBEMARLE.*

MADAM,

AMONG the many novelties with which YOUR LADYSHIP, a ſtranger in our nation, is daily entertained, you have not yet been made acquainted with the poetical *Engliſh* liberty, the right of dedication; which entitles us to a privilege of celebrating whatever for its native excellence is the juſt object of praiſe; and is an antient charter, by which the Muſes have always a free acceſs to the habitation of the Graces.

HENCE it is that this Comedy waits on YOUR LADYSHIP, and preſumes to welcome you amongſt us; tho' indeed, Madam, we are ſurprized to ſee you bring with you, what we thought was of our own growth only, an agreeable beauty; nay, we muſt aſſure you, that we cannot give up ſo dear an article of our glory, but aſſert it by our right in you: for if 'tis a maxim founded on the nobleſt human law, that of hoſpitality, that every ſoil is a brave man's country, *England* has a very juſt pretence of claiming as a native, a daughter of Mr. *Scravenmore.*

BUT YOUR LADYSHIP is not only endeared to us by the great ſervices of your father, but alſo by the kind offices of your huſband, whoſe frank carriage falls in with our genius, which is free, open, and unreſerved;

reſerved; in this the generoſity of your tempers makes you both excel in ſo peculiar a manner, that your good actions are their own reward; nor can they be returned with ingratitude, for none can forget the benefits you confer ſo ſoon as you do yourſelves.

But ye have a more indiſputable title to a dramatic performance, than all theſe advantages; for you are yourſelves, in a degenerate low age, the nobleſt characters which that fine paſſion that ſupports the ſtage, has inſpired; and as you have practiſed as generous a fidelity as the fancies of poets have ever drawn in their expecting lovers, ſo may you enjoy as high a proſperity as ever they have beſtowed on their rewarded: This you may poſſeſs in an happy ſecurity, for your fortunes cannot move ſo much envy, as your perſons love. I am,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt devoted

Humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

NAture's deſerted and dramatic Art,
To dazzle now the Eye, has left the Heart;
Gay Lights, and Dreſſes, long extended Scenes,
Dæmons and Angels moving in Machines.
All that can now, or pleaſe, or fright the Fair,
May be perform'd without a Writer's Care,
And is the Skill of Carpenter, not Player.
Old Shakeſpear's *Days could not thus far advance;*
But what's his Buſkin to our Ladder-dance?
In the mid Region a ſilk Youth to ſtand,
With that unwieldy Engine at Command!
Gorg'd with intemperate Meals while here you ſit,
Well may you take Activity for Wit:
Fy, let Confuſion on ſuch Dulneſs ſieze;
Bluſh you're ſo pleas'd, as we that ſo we pleaſe.
But we, ſtill kind to your inverted Senſe,
Do moſt unnatural Things once more diſpenſe.
For ſince you're ſtill prepoſt'rous in Delight,
Our Author made, a full Houſe to invite,
A Funeral, a Comedy to-night.
Nor does he fear that you will take the Hint,
And let the Funeral his own be meant;
No, in old England *Nothing can be won*
Without a Faction, Good or Ill be done;
To own this our frank Author does not fear;
But hopes for a prevailing Party here:
He knows h' has num'rous Friends, nay, knows they'l ſhew it,
And for the Fellow-Soldier ſave the Poet.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Lord *Brumpton.*	Mr. *Thomas.*
Lord *Hardy,* ſon to Lord *Brumpton.*	Mr. *Cibber.*
Mr. *Campley.*	Mr. *Wilks.*
Mr. *Truſty,* ſteward to Lord *Brumpton.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Cabinet.	Mr. *Toms.*
Mr. *Sable,* an undertaker.	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Puzzle, a lawyer.	Mr. *Bowen.*
Trim, a ſervant to Lord *Hardy.*	Mr. *Penkethman.*
Tom, the lawyer's clerk.	Mr. *Fairbank.*

WOMEN.

Lady *Brumpton.*	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Lady *Sharlot* } orphan-ſiſters left in	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Lady *Harriot* } ward to Ld *Brump.*	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Madamoiſelle d'Epingle.	Mrs. *Lucas.*
Tattleaid.	Mrs. *Kent.*
Mrs. *Fardingale.*	Mr. *Norris.*
Kate Matchlock.	Mr. *Bullock.*

Viſitant-Ladies, Sable's *Servants, Recruits,* &c.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

THE

FUNERAL,

OR

GRIEF A-LA-MODE.

ACT I SCENE I.

Enter CABINET, SABLE, *and* CAMPLEY.

CABINET.

I Burſt into laughter; I can't bear to ſee writ over an undertaker's door, Dreſſes for the dead, and neceſſaries for funerals! ha! ha! ha!

Sab. Well, gentlemen, 'tis very well, I know you are of the laughers, the wits that take the liberty to deride all things that are magnificent and ſolemn.

Cam. Nay, but after all, I can't but admire *Sable*'s nice diſcerning on the ſuperfluous cares of mankind, that could lead them to the thought of raiſing an eſtate by providing horſes, equipage, and furniture, for thoſe that no longer need 'em.

Cab. But is it not ſtrangely contradictory, that men can come to ſo open, ſo apparent an hypocriſy, as, in the face of all the world, to hire profeſſed mourners, to grieve, lament, and follow, in their ſtead, their neareſt

neareſt relations, and ſuborn others to do by art, what they themſelves ſhould be prompted to by nature?

Sab. That's reaſonably enough ſaid: but they regard themſelves only in all they act for the deceas'd; and the poor dead are deliver'd to my cuſtody, to be embalm'd, ſlaſh'd, cut, and dragg'd about, not to do them honour, but to ſatisfy the vanity or intereſt of their ſurvivors.

Cam. This fellow's every way an undertaker! how well and luckily he talks! his pratting ſo aptly, has, methinks, ſomething more ridiculous in it, than if he were abſurd! [*Aſide to* Cabinet.

Cab. But, as Mr. *Campley* ſays, how could you dream of making a fortune from ſo chimerical a foundation, as the proviſion of things wholly needleſs and inſignificant?

Sab. Alas, gentlemen, the value of all things under the ſun is merely fantaſtic: we run, we ſtrive, and purchaſe things with our blood and money, quite foreign to our intrinſic real happineſs, and which have a being in imagination only, as you may ſee by the pudder that is made about precedence, titles, court-favour, maiden-heads, and China-ware.

Cam. Ay, Mr. *Sable*, but all thoſe are objects that promote our joy, are bright to the eye, or ſtamp upon our minds pleaſures and ſelf-ſatisfaction.

Sab. You are extremely miſtaken, Sir; for one would wonder to conſider that after all our outcrys againſt ſelf-intereſted men, there are few, very few in the whole world that live to themſelves, but ſacrifice their boſom-bliſs to enjoy a vain ſhow, and appearance of proſperity in the eyes of others; and there is often nothing more inwardly diſtreſs'd, than a young bride in her glittering retinue, or deeply joyful, than a young widow in her weeds and black train; of both which, the Lady of this houſe may be an inſtance; for ſhe has been the one, and is, I'll be ſworn, the other.

Cab. You talk, Mr. *Sable*, moſt learnedly!

Sab.

Sab. I have the deepeſt learning, Sir, experience: remember your widow-couſin that married laſt month.

Cab. Ay! but how cou'd you imagine ſhe was in all that grief an hypocrite!——could all thoſe ſhrieks, thoſe ſwoonings, that riſing falling boſom be conſtrained? you're uncharitable, *Sable*, to believe it——what colour, what reaſon had you for it?

Sab. Firſt, Sir, her carriage in her concerns with me, for I never yet could meet with a ſorrowful relict; but was herſelf enough to make a hard bargain with me ———Yet I muſt confeſs they have frequent interruptions of grief and ſorrow when they read my bill—but as for her, nothing, ſhe reſolved, that look'd bright or joyous, ſhould after her love's death approach her. All her ſervants that were not coal black muſt turn out; a fair complexion made her eyes and heart ake, ſhe'd none but downright jet, and, to exceed all example, ſhe hir'd my mourning furniture by the year, and, in caſe of my mortality, ty'd my ſon to the ſame article; ſo in ſix weeks time ran-away with a young fellow——Pr'ythee-puſh on briſkly, Mr. *Cabinet*, now is your time to have this widow, for *Tattleaid* tells me ſhe always ſaid ſhe'd never marry———

Cab. As you ſay, that's generally the moſt hopeful ſign.

Sab. I tell you, Sir, 'tis an infallible one; you know thoſe profeſſions are only to introduce diſcourſe of matrimony and young fellows.

Cab. But I ſwear I could not have confidence ev'n after all our long acquaintance, and the mutual love which his Lordſhip (who indeed has now been ſo kind as to leave us) has ſo long interrupted, to mention a thing of ſuch a nature unſeaſonably———

Sab. Unſeaſonably! why I tell you 'tis the only ſeaſon (granting her ſorrow unfeigned:) when would you ſpeak of paſſion, but in the midſt of paſſions? There's a what d'ye call, a criſis—the lucky minute that's ſo talk'd of, is a moment between joy and grief, which you muſt take hold of, and puſh your fortune—But get

you in, and you'll beſt read your fate in the reception Mrs. *Tattleaid* gives you: all ſhe ſays, and all ſhe does, nay her very love and hatred are mere repetition of her Ladyſhip's paſſions: I'll ſay that for her, ſhe's a true lady's woman, and is herſelf as much a ſecond-hand thing, as her cloaths. But I muſt beg your pardon, gentlemen, my people are come I ſee—

[*Exeunt* Cab. *and* Camp.

Enter SABLE's *Men.*

Where in the name of goodneſs have you all been! have you brought the ſaw-duſt and tar for embalming? have you the hangings and the ſix-penny nails, and my Lord's coat of arms?

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Yes, Sir, and had come ſooner, but I went to the herald's for a coat for Alderman *Gathergreaſe* that died laſt night—he has promiſed to invent one againſt to-morrow.

Sab. Ah! pox take ſome of our cits, the firſt thing after their death is to take care of their birth—Pox, let him bear a pair of ſtockings, he's the firſt of his family that ever wore one: well, come you that are to be mourners in this houſe, put on your ſad looks, and walk by me that I may ſort you: ha, you! a little more upon the diſmal; [*forming their countenances*—] this fellow has a good mortal look—place him near the corps: that wainſcot-face muſt be o'top of the ſtairs; that fellow's almoſt in a fright (that looks as if he were full of ſome ſtrange miſery) at the entrance of the hall—So—but I'll fix you all myſelf——Let's have no laughing now on any provocation: [*makes faces.*] Look yonder that hale well-looking puppy! you ungrateful ſcoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's ſervice, and ſhew you the pleaſure of receiving wages? did not I give you ten, then fifteen, now twenty ſhillings a-week, to be ſorrowful? and the more I give you, I think, the gladder you are.

Enter

Enter a BOY.

Boy. Sir, the Grave-digger of St, *Timothy*'s in the fields would ſpeak with you.

Sab. Let him come in.

Enter GRAVE-DIGGER.

Grav. I carry'd home to your houſe the ſhrowd the gentleman was buried in laſt night; I could not get his ring off very eaſily, therefore *I* brought the finger and all, and, Sir, the Sexton gives his ſervice to you, and deſires to know whether you'd have any bodies remov'd or not: if not, he'll let 'em lie in their graves a week longer.

Sab. Give him my ſervice, I can't tell readily; but our friend, tell him, Dr. *Paſſeport*, with the powder, has promiſed me ſix or ſeven funerals this week. I'll ſend to our country-farm at *Kenſington-gravel-pits*, and our city-houſe in *Warwick-Lane* for news; you ſhall know time enough. Hark'e, be ſure there's care taken to give my Lady *Languiſh*'s woman a fee to keep out that young fellow who came laſt from *Oxford*; he'll ruin us all.

Enter Goody TRASH.

I wonder, Goody *Traſh*, you could not be more punctual; when I told you, I wanted you, and your two daughters; to be three virgins to-night to ſtand in white about my Lady *Catharine Griſſel*'s body; and you know you were privately to bring her home, from the man-midwife's, where ſhe died in child-birth, to be buried like a maid; but there is nothing minded: well, I have put off that till to-morrow; go and get your bag of brick-duſt and your whiting. Go and ſell to the cook-maids; know who has ſurfeited about town: bring me no bad news, none of your recoveries again. And you, Mr. Blockhead, I warrant you have not call'd at Mr. *Peſtle*'s the apothecary: will that fellow never pay me? I ſtand bound for all the poiſon

in

in that ſtarving murderer's ſhop: he ſerves me juſt as Dr. *Quibus* did, who promis'd to write a treatiſe againſt water-gruel, a damn'd healthy ſlop, that has done me more injury than all the Faculty: look you now you are all upon the ſneer, let me have none but downright ſtupid countenances——I've a good mind to turn you all off, and take people out of the play-houſe; but hang 'em, they are as ignorant of their parts as you are of yours, they never act but when they ſpeak; when the chief indication of the mind is in the geſture, or indeed in caſe of ſorrow, in no geſture, except you were to act a widow, or ſo—but yours, you dolts, is all in dumb ſhow; dum ſhow? I mean expreſſive eloquent ſhow: as who can ſee ſuch an horrid ugly phiz as that fellow's, and not be ſhock'd, offended and kill'd of all joy while he beholds it? but we muſt not loiter—ye ſtupid rogues, whom I have pick'd out of the rubbiſh of mankind, and fed for your eminent worthleſſneſs, attend, and know that I ſpeak you this moment ſtiff and immutable to all ſenſe of noiſe, mirth or laughter: [*Makes mouths at 'em as they paſs by him to bring 'em to a conſtant countenance.*] So, they are pretty well——pretty well———

Enter TRUSTY *and Lord* BRUMPTON.

Tru. 'Twas fondneſs, Sir, and tender duty to you, who have been ſo worthy and ſo juſt a maſter to me, made me ſtay near you; they left me ſo, and there I found you wake from your lethargic ſlumber; on which I will aſſume an authority to beſeech you, Sir, to make juſt uſe of your reviv'd life, in ſeeing who are your true friends, and knowing her who has ſo wrought upon your noble nature, as to make it act againſt itſelf, in diſinheriting your brave ſon.

L. Brum. Sure 'tis impoſſible ſhe ſhould be ſuch a creature as you tell me—my mind reflects upon ten thouſand endearments that plead unanſwerably for her: her chaſte reluctant love, her eaſy obſervance of all my way-ward

way-ward humours, to which ſhe would accommodate herſelf with ſo much eaſe, I could ſcarce obſerve it was a virtue in her; ſhe hid her very patience.

Tru. It was all art, Sir, or indifference to you, for what I ſay is downright matter of fact.

L. Brum. Why, didſt thou ever tell me it! or why not in my life-time, for I muſt call it ſo, nor can I date a minute mine, after her being falſe; all paſt that moment is death and darkneſs: why didſt thou not tell me then, I ſay?

Tru. Becauſe you were too much in love with her, to be inform'd; nor did I ever know a man that touch'd on conjugal affairs could ever reconcile the jarring humours; but in a common hatred of the intermedler: but on this moſt extaordinary occaſion, which ſeems pointed out by heaven itſelf to diſengage you from your cruelty and baniſhment of an innocent child, I muſt, I will conjure you to be conceal'd, and but contain yourſelf, in hearing one diſcourſe with that curs'd inſtrument of all her ſecrets, that *Tattleaid*, and you'll ſee what I tell you; you'll call me then your guardian and good genius.

L. Brum. Well, you ſhall govern me, but would I had dy'd in earneſt ere I had known it; my head ſwims, as it did when I fell into my fit, at the thoughts of it—How dizzy a place is this world you live in! all human life's a mere vertigo!

Tru. Ay, ay, my Lord, fine reflections, fine reflections, but that does no buſineſs: thus, Sir, we'll ſtand conceal'd, and hear, I doubt not, a much ſincerer dialogue than uſual between vitious perſons; for a late accident has giv'n a little jealouſy, which makes 'em over-act their love and confidence in each other.

[*They retire.*

Enter WIDOW *and* TATTLEAID *meeting, and running to each other.*

Wid. Oh, *Tattleaid*! his and our hour is come!

Tat. I always ſaid by his church-yard cough, you'd bury him, but ſtill you were impatient——

Wid.

Wid. Nay, thou haſt ever been my comfort, my confident, my friend, and my ſervant; and now I'll reward thy pains; for tho' I ſcorn the whole ſex of fellows, I'll give 'em hopes for thy ſake; every ſmile, every frown, every geſture, humour, caprice and whimſey of mine, ſhall be gold to thee, girl; thou ſhalt feel all the ſweet and wealth of being a fine rich widow's woman: Oh! how my head runs my firſt year out, and jumps to all the joys of widow-hood! if thirteen months hence a friend ſhould haul one to a play, one has a mind to ſee, what pleaſure 'twill be, when my Lady *Brumpton*'s foot-man's call'd (who kept a place for that very purpoſe) to make a ſudden inſurrection of fine wigs in the pit and ſide-boxes. Then, with a pretty ſorrow in one's face, and a willing bluſh for being ſtar'd at, one ventures to look round, and bow to one of one's own quality. Thus [*very directly*] to a ſmug pretending fellow of no fortune: thus [*as ſcarce ſeeing him*] to one that writes lampoons: thus [*fearfully*] to one one really loves; Thus [*looking down*] to one woman acquaintance; from box to box thus: [*with looks differently familiar*] And when one has done one's part, obſerve the actors do theirs, but with my mind not fix'd on thoſe I look at, but on thoſe that look at me——then the ſerenades! the lovers!

Tat. Oh, Madam, you make my heart bound within me; I'll warrant you, Madam, I'll manage 'em all; and indeed, Madam, the men are really very ſilly creatures, 'tis no ſuch hard matter——they rulers! they governors! I warrant you indeed!

Wid. Ay *Tattleaid*, they imagine themſelves mighty things, but government founded on force only, is a brutal power—We rule them by their affections, which blinds them into belief that they rule us, or at leaſt are in the government with us———But in this nation our power is abſolute; Thus, thus, we ſway—[*playing her fan.*] A fan is both the ſtandard, and the flag of *England:* I laugh to ſee men go on our errands, ſtrut in great offices, live in cares, hazards and ſcandals, to come

come home and be fools to us in brags of their diſpatches, negotiations, and their wiſdoms——as my good dear deceas'd us'd to entertain me; which, I to relieve myſelf from——would liſp ſome ſilly requeſt, pat him on the face—He ſhakes his head at my pretty folly, calls me ſimpleton; gives me a jewel, then goes to bed ſo wiſe, ſo ſatisfied, and ſo deceiv'd.

Tat. But I proteſt, Madam, I've always wonder'd how you could accompliſh my young Lord's being diſinherited.

Wid. Why, *Taty*, you muſt know my late Lord ——how prettily that ſounds, my late Lord! But I ſay, my late Lord *Frible* was generoſity——I preſs'd him there, and whenever you, by my order, had told him ſtories to my ſon-in-law's diſadvantage, in his rage and reſentment, I (whoſe intereſt lay otherwiſe) always fell on my knees to implore his pardon, and with tears, ſighs and importunities for him, prevail'd againſt him: beſides this, you know I had, when I pleas'd, fits; fits are a mighty help in the government of a good natur'd man; but in an ill-natur'd fellow have a care of 'em —he'll hate you for natural infirmities; will remember your face in its diſtortion, and not value your return of beauty.

Tat. O rare, Madam! your Ladyſhip's a great headpiece; but now, dear Madam, is the hard taſk, if I may take the liberty to ſay it—to enjoy all freedoms, and ſeem to abſtain, to manage the number of pretenders, and keep the diſobliged from parting———

Wid. Never fear, *Tattleaid*; while you have riches, if you affront one to abuſe, you can give hopes to another to defend you: theſe maxims I have been laying up all my huſband's life time, for we muſt provide againſt calamities—

Tat. But now, Madam, a fine young gentleman with a red coat, that dances——

Wid. You may be ſure the happy man (if it be in fate, that there is a happy man, to make me an unhappy

py woman,) ſhall not be an old one again: age and youth married, is the cruelty in *Dryden*'s *Virgil*, where *Mezentius* ties the dead and living together; I'm ſure I was ty'd to a dead man many a long day before I durſt bury him—but the day is now my own—yet now I think on't, *Tattleaid*, be ſure to keep an obſtinate ſhyneſs to all our old acquaintance: let em talk of favours if they pleaſe; if we grant 'em ſtill, they'll grow tyrants to us; if we diſcard 'em, the chaſte and innocent will not believe we could have confidence to do it, were it ſo, and the wiſe, if they believe it, will applaud our prudence.

Tat. Ay, Madam—I believe, Madam—I ſpeak, Madam, but my humble ſenſe—Mr. *Cabinet* would marry you.

Wid. Marry me! No, *Tattleaid*. He that is ſo mean as to marry a woman after an affair with her, will be ſo baſe as to upbraid that very weakneſs: he that marries his wench will uſe her like his wench—ſuch a pair muſt ſure live in a ſecret mutual ſcorn of each other——and wedlock is hell, if at leaſt one ſide does not love; as it would be heaven, if both did: and I believe it ſo much heaven, as to think it was never enjoy'd in this world.

Enter a WOMAN.

Wom. A gentleman to Mrs. *Tattleaid*— [*Exit Tat.*

Wid. Go to him—bleſs me, how careleſs and open have I been to this ſubtle creature in the caſe of *Cabinet*; ſhe's certainly in his intereſts——we people of condition are never guarded enough againſt thoſe about us: they watch when our minds boil over with joy, or grief, to come in upon us: how miſerable 'tis to have one one hates always about one, and when one can't endure one's own reflection upon ſome actions, who can bear the thoughts of another upon 'em: but ſhe has me by deep ſecrets———the *Italians*, they ſay, can readily remove the too much intruſted——Oh their pretty ſcented gloves! this wench I know has

has play'd me falſe, and horned me in my gallants: Oh *Italy*, I could reſign all my female *Engliſh* liberty to thee for thy much dearer female pleaſure, revenge! well, what's the matter, dear *Tatty*———

Enter TATTLEAID.

Tat. The matter, Madam? why, Madam, counſellor *Puzzle* is come to wait on your Ladyſhip about the will, and the conveyance of the eſtate———there muſt, it ſeems, be no time loſt for fear of things; fy, fy, Madam, you a widow theſe three hours, and not look'd on a parchment yet—Oh impious to neglect the will of the dead!

Wid. As you ſay indeed, there is no will of an huſband's ſo willingly obey'd as his laſt. But I muſt go in, and receive him in my formalities, leaning on a couch, as neceſſary a poſture as his going behind his deſk when he ſpeaks to a client—but do you bring him in hither till I am ready——— [*Exit.*

Tat. Mr. Counſellor, Mr. Counſellor—— [*Calling.*

Enter PUZZLE *and* CLERK.

Puz. 'Servant good Madam *Tattleaid*, my ancient friend is gone, but buſineſs muſt be minded——

Tat. I told my Lady twice or thrice, as ſhe lies in dumb grief on the couch within, that you were here, but ſhe regarded me not; however, ſince you ſay 'tis of ſuch moment, I'll venture to introduce you: pleaſe but to repoſe here a little while I ſtep in; for methinks I would a little prepare her. [*Exit Tattleaid.*

Puz. Alas! alas! poor Lady!
Damn'd hypocrites! well, this Noble's death is a little ſudden: therefore pray let me recollect: open the bag, good *Tom*; now *Tom* thou art my nephew, my dear ſiſter *Kate*'s only ſon, and my heir, therefore I will conceal from thee on no occaſion any thing; for I would enter thee into buſineſs as ſoon as poſſible. Know then, child, that the Lord of this houſe was one

of your men of honour, and ſenſe, who loſe the latter in the former, and are apt to take all men to be like themſelves; now this gentleman intirely truſted me, and I made the only uſe a man of buſineſs can of a truſt, I cheated him; for I, imperceptibly, before his face made his whole eſtate liable to an hundred *per annum* for myſelf, for good ſervices, *&c.* as for legacies, they are good or not, as I pleaſe; for let me tell you, a man muſt take pen, ink and paper, ſit down by an old fellow, and pretend to take directions, but a true lawyer never makes any man's will but his own; and as the prieſt of old among us got near the dying man. and gave all to the church, ſo now the lawyer gives all to the law.

Clerk. Ay, Sir, but prieſts then cheated the nation by doing their offices in an unknown language.

Puz. True, but ours is a way much ſurer, for we cheat in no language at all, but loll in our own coaches, eloquent in gibberiſh, and learned in jingle.——— Pull out the parchment, there's the deed, I made it as long as I could———well, I hope to ſee the day, when the indenture ſhall be the exact meaſure of the land that paſſes by it——for 'tis a diſcouragement to the gown, that every ignorant rogue of an heir ſhould in a word or two underſtand his father's meaning, and hold ten acres of land by half an acre of parchment—nay, I hope to ſee the time, when that, there is indeed ſome progreſs made in, ſhall be wholly effected; and by the improvement of the noble art of tautology every inn in *Holborn* an inn of court.—Let others think of logic, rhetoric, and I know not what impertinence, but mind thou tautology—what's the firſt excellence in a lawyer? tautology: what the ſecond? tautology: what the third? tautology: as an old pleader ſaid of action: but to turn to the deed; [*pulls out an immeaſurable parchment,*] for the will is of no force if I pleaſe, for he was not capable of making one after the former———as I manag'd it——upon which account I now

now wait on my Lady; by the way, do you know, the true meaning of the word *a deed?*

Clerk. Ay, Sir, *a deed* is as if a man ſhould ſay *the deed.*

Puz. Right: 'tis emphatically ſo call'd, becauſe after it———all deeds and actions are of no effect, and you have nothing to do but hang yourſelf——the only obliging thing you can then do—but I was telling you the uſe of tautology—read toward the middle of that inſtrument; [*Clerk reads*] I the ſaid Earl of *Brumpton* do give, beſtow, grant, and bequeath, over and above the ſaid premiſes, all the ſite and capital meſſuage called by the name of *Oatham*, and all outhouſes, barns, ſtables, and other edifices; and buildings, yards, orchards, gardens; fields, arbors, trees, lands, earths, meadows, greens, paſtures, feedings, woods, underwoods, ways, waters, watercourſes, fiſhings, ponds, pools, commons, common of paſture, paths, heath-thickets, profits, commodities, and emoluments, with their and every of their appurtenances whatſoever, to the ſaid capital meſſuage and ſite belonging or in any wiſe appertaining, or with the ſame heretofore uſed, occupied or enjoyed, accepted, executed, known, or taken as part, parcel, or member of the ſame; containing in the whole, by eſtimation, four hundred acres of the large meaſure, or thereabouts, be the ſame more or leſs; all and ſingular which the ſaid ſite, capital meſſuage, and other the premiſes, with their and every of their appurtenances are ſituate, lying and being—

Puzzle *nods and ſneers as the ſynonimous words are repeating; whom* L. Brumpton *ſcornfully mimicks.*

Puz. Hold, hold, good *Tom*; you do come on indeed in buſineſs, but don't uſe your noſe enough in reading —[*reads in a ridiculous law tone, 'till out of breath*] why you're quite out—you read to be underſtood—let me ſee it—I the ſaid Earl—now again, ſuppoſe this were to be in *Latin* — [*runs into* Latin *terminations*]

terminations] making Latin, is only making it no *Engliſh*—*Ego predict*—*comes de Brumpton* —*totas meas barnos* ——— *outhouſas & ſtabulas* — *yardos*— but there needs no further peruſal — I now recollect the whole —my Lord, by this inſtrument, diſinherits his ſon utterly — gives all to my Lady— and moreover, grants the wards of two fortune-wards to her— *id eſt*, to be ſold by her; which is the ſubject of my buſineſs to her Ladyſhip, who methinks a little overdoes the affair of grief, in letting me wait thus long on ſuch welcome articles——— but here———

Enter TATTLEAID *wiping her eyes.*

Tat. I have in vain done all I can to make her regard me —pray Mr. *Puzzle*, you're a man of ſenſe, come in yourſelf, and ſpeak reaſon, to bring her to ſome conſideration of herſelf; if poſſible.

Puz. Tom, I'll come down to the hall to you; dear Madam, lead on.

[*Exit* Clerk *one way*, Puz. Tat. *another.* *L.* Brumpton *and* Truſty *advance from their concealment after a long pauſe, and ſtaring at each other.*

L. *Brum. Truſty*, on thy ſincerity, on thy fidelity, to me; thy friend, thy patron, and thy maſter, anſwer me directly to one queſtion: am I really alive? am I that identical, that numerical, that very ſame Lord *Brumpton*, that———

Tru. That very Lord ——that very Lord *Brumpton*, the very generous, honeſt and good Lord *Brumpton*, who ſpent his ſtrong and riper years with honour and reputation; but in his age of decay declin'd from virtue alſo—that very Lord *Brumpton*, who buried a fine Lady, who brought him a fine ſon, who is a fine gentleman; but in his age, that very man, unſeaſonably captivated with youth and beauty, married a very fine young Lady, who has diſhonour'd his bed, diſinherited his brave ſon, and dances o'er his grave.

L. *Brum.* Oh! that damn'd tautologiſt too —that *Puzzle* and his irrevocable deed! [*pauſing*] well, I know

know I do not really live, but wander o'er the place where once I had a treaſure ——I'll haunt her, *Truſty*, gaze in that falſe beauteous face, 'till ſhe trembles, 'till ſhe looks pale, nay 'till ſhe bluſhes——

Tru. Ay, ay, my Lord, you ſpeak a ghoſt very much, there's fleſh and blood in that expreſſion, that falſe beauteous face!

L. *Brum.* Then ſince you ſee my weakneſs, be a friend; and arm me with all your care, and all your reaſon——

Tru. If you'll condeſcend to let me direct you—you ſhall cut off this rotten limb, your falſe diſloyal wife, and ſave your noble parts, your ſon, your family, your honour.

Short is the date in which ill acts prevail,
But honeſty's a rock can never fail.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lord HARDY *ſolus.*

L. *H.* NOW indeed I am utterly undone; but to expect an evil ſoftens the weight of it when it happens, and pain no more than pleaſure is in reality ſo great as in expectation: but what will become of me? how ſhall I keep myſelf even above worldly want? ſhall I live at home ſtill a melancholy poor man of quality, grow uneaſy to my acquaintance as well as myſelf; by fancying I'm ſlighted where I am not; with all the thouſand particularities which attend thoſe whom low fortune and high ſpirit make malecontents? no! we've a brave Prince on the throne, whoſe commiſſion I bear, and a glorious war in an honeſt cauſe approaching, [*clapping his hand on his ſword*] in which this ſhall cut bread for me, and may perhaps equal that eſtate to which my birth entitled me—but what to do in preſent preſſures——Ha! *Trim.* [*calling.*

Enter

Enter TRIM.

Trim. My Lord.

L. *H.* How do the poor rogues that are to recruit my company?

Trim. Do, Sir! they've eat you to your laſt guinea.

L. *H.* Were you at the agent's?

Trim. Yes.

L. *H.* Well? and how?

Trim. Why, Sir, for your arrears, you may have eleven ſhillings in the pound; but he'll not touch your growing ſubſiſtence under three ſhillings in the pound intereſt—beſides which, you muſt let his clerk *Jonathan Item*, ſwear the peace againſt you to keep you from duelling—or inſure your life, which you may do for eight *per cent.* On theſe terms he'll oblige you, which he would not do for any body elſe in the regiment; but he has a friendſhip for you.

L. *H.* Oh, I'm his humble ſervant; but he muſt have his own terms, we can't ſtarve, nor muſt my fellows want: but methinks this is a calm midnight; I've heard no duns to-day—

Trim. Duns, my Lord? why now your father's dead, and they can't arreſt you; I ſhall grow a little leſs upon the ſmooth with 'em than I have been: why friends, ſays I, how often muſt I tell you my Lord is not ſtirring: his Lordſhip has not ſlept well; you muſt come ſome other time, your Lordſhip will ſend for him when you are at leiſure to look upon money-affairs; or if they are ſo ſaucy, ſo impertinent as to preſs to a man of your quality for their own—there are canes, there's *Bridewell*, there's the ſtocks for your ordinary tradeſmen. But to an haughty thriving *Covent-garden* mercer, ſilk, or lace-man, your Lordſhip gives your moſt humble ſervice to him, hopes his wife's well; you have letters to write, or you'd ſee him yourſelf; but you deſire he would be with you punctually ſuch a day, that's to ſay, the day after you're gone out of town.

L. *H.*

L. *H.* Go, Sirrah, you're ſcurrilous, I won't believe there are ſuch men of quality—d'ye hear, give my ſervice this afternoon to Mr. *Cutpurſe* the agent, and tell him I'm oblig'd to him for his readineſs to ſerve me, for I'm reſolv'd to pay my debts forthwith—[*A voice without.* I don't know whether he's within, or not: Mr. *Trim*, is my Lord within?

L. *H. Trim*, ſee who it is, I an't within you know—

[Trim *without.*

Yes, Sir, my Lord's above, pray walk up——

L. *H.* Who can it be? he owns me too.

Enter CAMPLY *and* TRIM.

Dear *Tom Camply*, this is kind———You are an extraordinary man indeed, who in the ſudden acceſſion of a noble fortune can be ſtill yourſelf, and viſit your leſs happy friends.

Cam. No, you are, my Lord, the extraordinary man, who on the loſe of an almoſt princely fortune, can be maſter of a temper, that makes you the envy, rather than pity of your more fortunate, not more happy friends.

L. *H.* Oh, Sir, your ſervant———but let me gaze on thee a little———I ha'nt ſeen thee ſince I came home into *England*—moſt exactly, negligently, gentilely dreſs'd! I know there's more than ordinary in this—[*Beating* Camply's *breaſt*] Come—confeſs who ſhares with me here———I muſt have her real and poetical name—Come—ſhe's in ſonnet, *Cynthia*,—in proſe, miſtreſs.

Cam. One you little dream of, tho' ſhe is in a manner of your placing there.

L. *H.* My placing there?

Cam. Why, my Lord, all the fine things you've ſaid to me in the camp of my Lady *Sharlot*, your father's ward, ran in my head ſo very much, that I made it my buſineſs to become acquainted in that family, which I did by Mr. *Cabinet*'s means, and am now in love in the ſame place with your Lordſhip.

L. *H.*

L. *H.* How! in love in the ſame place with me, Mr. *Camply?*

Cam. Ay, my Lord, with t'other ſiſter, with t'other ſiſter.

L. *H.* What a dunce was I, not to know which, without your naming her? Why, thou art the only man breathing fit to deal with her——But my Lady *Sharlot*, there's a woman——ſo eaſily virtuous!——ſo agreeably ſevere! her motion ſo unaffected, yet ſo compos'd! her lips breathe nothing but truth, good ſenſe, and flowing wit.

Cam. Lady *Harriot!* there's the woman, ſuch life, ſuch ſpirit, ſuch warmth in her eyes—ſuch a lively commanding air in her glances; ſo ſprightly a mien, that carries in it the triumph of conſcious beauty; her lips are made of gum, and balm—there's ſomething in that dear girl that fires my blood above—above—above—

L. *H.* Above what?

Cam. A granadier's march.

L. *H.* A ſoft ſimile, I muſt confeſs—but oh that *Sharlot!* to recline this aching head, full of care, on that tender, ſnowy—faithful boſom!

Cam. Oh that *Harriot!* to embrace that beauteous—

L. *H.* Ay, *Tom*; but methinks your head runs too much on the wedding-night only, to make your happineſs laſting, mine is fixt on the married ſtate; I expect my felicity from Lady *Sharlot*, in her friendſhip, her conſtancy, her piety, her houſhold cares, her maternal tenderneſs—You think not of any excellence of your miſtreſs, that is more than ſkin-deep—

Cam. When I know her further than ſkin-deep, I'll tell you more of my mind.

L. *H.* Oh fy, *Tom*, how can you talk ſo lightly of a woman you love with honour—But tell me, I wonder how you make your approaches in beſieging ſuch a ſort of creature; ſhe that loves addreſſes, gallantry, fiddles?

fiddles? that reigns and delights in a crowd of admirers——If I know her, ſhe is one of thoſe you may eaſily have a general acquaintance with, but hard to make particular——

Cam. You underſtand her very well——You muſt know I put her out of all her play by carrying it in an humourous manner; I took care in all my actions, before I diſcover'd the lover, that ſhe ſhould in general have a good opinion of me; and have ever ſince behav'd myſelf with all the good-humour and eaſe I was able; ſo that ſhe is now extremely at a loſs, how to throw me from the familiarity of an acquaintance, into the diſtance of a lover; but I laugh her out of it; when ſhe begins to frown, and look grave at my mirth, I mimic her 'till ſhe burſts out a laughing—

L. *H.* That's ridiculous enough.

Cam. By *Cabinet*'s intereſt over my Lady *Brumpton*, with gold and flattery to Mrs. *Fardingale*, an old maid her Ladyſhip has plac'd about the young Ladies, I have eaſy acceſs at all times, and am this very day to be admitted by her into their apartment——I have found, you muſt know, that ſhe is my relation—

L. *H.* Her Ladyſhip has choſe an odd companion for young Ladies—

Cam. Oh, my Lady's a politician; ſhe told *Tattleaid* one day, that an old maid was the beſt guard for young ones, for they, like eunuchs in a *ſeraglio*, are vigilant, out of envy of enjoyments they cannot themſelves arrive at—But, as I was ſaying, I've ſent my couſin *Fardingale* a ſong, which ſhe and I are to practiſe to the ſpinet—the young Ladies will be by——and I am to be left alone with Lady *Harriot*, then I deſign to make my grand attack, and to-day win or loſe her: I know, Sir, this is an opportunity you want———If you'll meet me at *Tom*'s, have a letter ready, I'll myſelf deliver it to your miſtreſs, conduct you into the houſe, and tell her you are there———

and find means to place you together—you muſt march under my command to-day, as I have many a one under yours——

L. *H.* But 'faith, *Tom*, I ſhall not behave myſelf with half the reſolution you have under mine; for to confeſs my weakneſs, tho' I know ſhe loves me, tho' I know ſhe is as ſteadfaſtly mine, as her heart can make her——I know not how I have ſo ſublime an idea of her high value, and ſuch a melting tenderneſs diſſolves my whole frame, when I am near her, that my tongue falters, my nerves ſhake, and my heart ſo alternately ſinks and riſes, that my premeditated reſolves vaniſh into confuſion, down-caſt eyes, and broken utterance———

Cam. Ha! ha! ha! this in a campaigner too! why, my Lord, that's the condition *Harriot* would have me in, and then ſhe thinks ſhe could have me; but I, that know her better than ſhe does herſelf, know ſhe'd inſult me, and lead me a two years dance longer, and perhaps in the end turn me into the herd of the many neglected men of better ſenſe, who have been ridiculous for her ſake—but I ſhall make her no ſuch ſacrifice——'Tis well my Lady *Sharlot*'s a woman of ſo ſolid an underſtanding, I don't know another that would not uſe you ill for your high value———

L. *H.* But, *Tom*, I muſt ſee your ſong you've ſent your couſin *Fardingale*, as you call her.

Cam. This is lucky enough. [*Aſide.*
No, hang it, my Lord, a man makes ſo ſilly a figure when his verſes are reading——*Trim*——thou haſt not left off thy loving and thy rhiming, *Trim*'s a critic, I remember him a ſerviteur at *Oxon.* [*Gives a paper to* Trim—] I give myſelf into his hands, becauſe you ſhan't ſee 'em 'till I'm gone.

My Lord, your ſervant, you ſhan't ſtir.

L. *H.* Nor you neither then. [*Struggling.*

Cam. You will be obey'd.

[*Exeunt. Lord* Hardy *waits on him down.* *Trim.*

Trim. What's in this ſong—ha—don't my eyes deceive me—a bill of three hundred pounds—

Mr. Caſh,

PRAY *pay to Mr.* William Trim, *or bearer, the ſum of three hundred pounds, and place it to the accompt of,*

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

Thomas Camply.

[*Pulling off his hat and bowing.*] Your very humble ſervant, good Mr. *Camply.* Ay, this is poetry; this is a ſong indeed! faith I'll ſet it, and ſing it myſelf—Pray pay to Mr. *William Trim*—ſo far in recitativo—three hundred, [*Singing ridiculouſly*—] hun—dred—hundred thrice repeated, becauſe 'tis three hundred pounds, I love repetitions in muſic, when there's a good reaſon for it, po—unds after the *Italian* manner——if they'd bring me ſuch ſenſible words as theſe, I'd outſtrip all your compoſers, for the muſic-prize—This was honeſtly done of Mr. *Camply*—tho' I have carry'd him many a purſe from my maſter when he was enſign to our company in *Flanders*——

Enter Lord HARDY.

My Lord, I am your Lordſhip's humble ſervant.

L. *H.* Sir, your humble ſervant. But pray, my good familiar friend, how come you to be ſo very much my humble ſervant all of a ſudden?

Trim. I beg pardon, dear Sir, my Lord, I am not your humble ſervant.

L. *H.* No?

Trim. Yes, my Lord, I am, but not as you mean—but I am——I am, my Lord——in ſhort I'm over-joy'd.

L. *H.*

L. *H.* Overjoy'd! thou'rt diſtracted—what ails the fellow——Where's *Camply*'s ſon?

Trim. Oh! my Lord, one would not think 'twas in him, Mr. *Camply*'s really a very great poet—as for the ſong, 'tis only as they all end in rhime——Ow—Woe—Iſſes—Kiſſes—Boy—Joy——But, my Lord, the other in long heroic blank verſe.

[*Reading it with a great tone*——

Pray pay to Mr. William Trim, *or order, the ſum of*—How ſweetly it runs?——*Pactolian* guineas chink every line——

L. *H.* How very handſomely this was done in *Camply?* I wonder'd indeed he was ſo willing to ſhew his verſes—in how careleſs a manner that fellow does the greateſt actions!—

Trim. My Lord, pray my Lord, ſhan't I go immediately to *Cutpurſe*'s?

L. *H.* No, Sirrah——now we've no occaſion for it.——

Trim. No, my Lord, only to ſtare him full in the face after I've receiv'd this money, not ſay a word, but keep my hat on, and walk out——or perhaps not hear, if any I meet with ſpeak to me—but grow ſtiff, deaf, and ſhort-ſighted to all my old acquaintance, like a ſudden rich man as I am——Or perhaps, my Lord, deſire *Cutpurſe*'s clerk to let me leave fifty pounds at their houſe, payable to Mr. *William Trim*, or order—till I come that way—or a month or two hence, may have occaſion for it——I don't know what bills may be drawn upon me—Then, when the clerk begins to ſtare at me, 'till he pulls the great gooſe-quill from behind his ear——[*Pulls a handful of farthings out.*——] I fall a reckoning the pieces as I do theſe farthings.

L. *H.* Well, Sirrah, you may have your humour; but be ſure you take fourſcore pounds, and pay my debts immediately—if you meet any officer you ever ſee me in company with, that looks grave at *Cutpurſe*'s houſe, tell him I'd ſpeak with him—We muſt help our friends—But learn moderation, you rogue, in you

good

good-fortune: be at home all the evening after, while I wait at *Tom*'s to meet *Camply*, in order to ſee Lady *Sharlot*—

My good or ill in her alone is found,
And in that thought all other cares are drown'd. [Ex.

Enter SABLE, *Lord* BRUMPTON, *and* TRUSTY.

Sab. Why, my Lord, you can't in conſcience put me off ſo; I muſt do according to my orders, cut you up, and embalm you, except you'll come down a little deeper than you talk of, you don't conſider the charges I have been at already.

L. *B.* Charges? for what?

Sab. Firſt, twenty guineas to my Lady's woman for notice of your death (a fee I've, before now, known the widow herſelf go halfs in) but no matter for that—in the next place, ten pounds for watching you all your long fit of ſickneſs laſt winter——

L. *B.* Watching me? why I had none but my own ſervants by turns—

Sab. I mean attending to give notice of your death; I had all your long fit of ſickneſs laſt winter, at half a crown a-day, a fellow waiting at your gate to bring me intelligence; but you unfortunately recover'd, and I loſt all my obliging pains for your ſervice.

L. *B.* Ha! ha! ha! *Sable*, thou'rt a very impudent fellow, half a crown a-day to attend my deceaſe, and doſt thou reckon it to me—

Sab. Look you gentlemen, don't ſtand ſtaring at me—I have a book at home which I call my dooms-day-book, where I have every man of quality's age and diſtemper in town, and know when you ſhould drop—Nay, my Lord, if you had reflected upon your mortality half ſo much as poor I have for you, you would not deſire to return to life thus—in ſhort I cannot keep this a ſecret, under the whole money I am to have for burying you.

L. *B.*

L. *B. Truſty*, if you think it ſafe in you to obey my orders after the deed *Puzzle* told his clerk of, pay it him—

Tru. I ſhould be glad to give it out of my own pocket, rather than be without the ſatisfaction of ſeeing you witneſs to it.

L. *B.* I heartily believe thee, dear *Truſty*—

Sab. Then, my Lord, the ſecret of your being alive, is now ſafe with me.

Tru. I'll warrant I'll be reveng'd of this unconſcionable dog——[*Aſide.*] My Lord, you muſt to your cloſet—I fear ſomebody's coming—

[*Exeunt* Sable *one way*, *Lord* Brumpton *and* Truſty *another.*

SCENE *draws and diſcovers Lady* Sharlot *reading at a table——Lady* Harriot *playing at a glaſs to and fro, and viewing herſelf.*

L. *H.* Nay, good ſage ſiſter, you may as well talk to me [*Looking at herſelf as ſhe ſpeaks.*] as ſit ſtaring at a book which I know you can't attend—Good Dr. *Lucas* may have writ there what he pleaſes, but there's no putting *Francis* Lord *Hardy*, now Earl of *Brumpton*, out of your head, or making him abſent from your eyes; do but look at me now, and deny it if you can——

L. *Sh.* You are the maddeſt girl— [*Smiling.*

L. *H.* Look ye, I knew you could not ſay it and forbear laughing—[*Looking over* Sharlot] Oh I ſee his name as plain as you do—*Fr--a--n Fran--c--i--s cis*, *Francis*, 'tis in every line of the book.

L. *Sh.* [*Riſing.*] 'Tis in vain, I ſee, to mind any thing in ſuch impertinent company——but granting 'twere as you ſay, as to my Lord *Hardy*——'tis more excuſable to admire another than one's ſelf—

L. *H.* No; I think not—yes, I grant you then really to be vain at one's perſon, but I don't admire myſelf—

ſelf—Piſh! I don't believe my eyes have that ſoftneſs —[*Looking in the glaſs.*] they an't ſo piercing: no, 'tis only ſtuff the men will be talking——Some people are ſuch admirers of teeth—Lord what ſignifies teeth? [*Showing her teeth*] A very Black-a-moor has as white teeth as I—No, ſiſter, I don't admire myſelf, but I've a ſpirit of contradiction in me: I don't know I'm in love with myſelf, only to rival the men——

L. *Sh.* Ay, but Mr. *Camply* will gain ground ev'n of that rival of his, your dear ſelf—

L. *Ha.* Oh! what have I done to you, that you ſhould name that inſolent intruder—A confident opinionative fop—No indeed, if I am, as a poetical lover of mine ſigh'd and ſung of both ſexes,

The public envy, and the public care,

I ſhan't be ſo eaſily catch'd—I thank him——I want but to be ſure, I ſhou'd heartily torment him, by baniſhing him, and then conſider whether he ſhould depart this life or not.

L. *Sh.* Indeed, ſiſter, to be ſerious with you, this vanity in your humour does not at all become you!

L. *Ha.* Vanity! all the matter is, we gay people are more ſincere than you wiſe folks: all your life's an art —Speak your ſoul—Look you there—[*Hauling her to the glaſs.*] Are you not ſtruck with a ſecret pleaſure, when you view that bloom in your look, that harmony in your ſhape, that promptitude of your mien!

L. *Sh.* Well, ſimpleton, if I am at firſt ſo ſilly, as to be a little taken with myſelf, I know it a fault, and take pains to correct it.

L. *Ha.* Pſaw! pſaw! talk this muſty tale to old Mrs. *Fardingale*, 'tis too ſoon for me to think at that rate——

L. *Sh.* They that think it too ſoon to underſtand themſelves, will very ſoon find it too late—But tell me honeſtly, don't you like *Camply?*

L. *Ha.* The fellow is not to be abhorr'd, if the forward thing did not think of getting me ſo eaſily—Oh —I hate a heart I can't break when I pleaſe——What

makes

makes the value of dear China, but that 'tis ſo brittle —were it not for that, you might as well have ſtone-mugs in your cloſet——

L. *Sh.* Hiſt, hiſt, here's *Fardingale*——

Enter FARDINGALE.

Far. Lady *Harriot*, Lady *Sharlot*——I'll entertain you now, I've a new ſong juſt come hot out of the poet's brain: Lady *Sharlot*, my couſin *Camply* writ it, and 'tis ſet to a pretty air, I warrant you.

L. *Ha.* 'Tis like to be pretty indeed, of his writing. [*Flings away.*

Far. Come, come——this is not one of your tringham trangham witty things, that your poor poets write; no, 'tis well known my couſin *Camply* has two thouſand pounds a-year——But this is all diſſimulation in you.

L. *Sh.* 'Tis ſo indeed, for your couſin's ſong's very pretty, Mrs. *Fardingale*.

Reads.

Let not love on me beſtow,
Soft diſtreſs, and tender woe;
I know none but ſubſtantial bliſſes,
Eager glances, ſolid kiſſes;
I know not what the lovers feign,
Of finer pleaſure mix'd with pain;
Then pr'ythee give me, gentle boy,
None of thy grief, but all thy joy.

But *Harriot* thinks that a little unreaſonable, to expect one without enduring t'other.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. There's your couſin *Camply* to wait on you without——

Far. Let him come in——we ſhall have the ſong now——

Enter

Enter CAMPLY.

Cam. Ladies, your moſt obedient ſervant——your ſervant, Lady *Sharlot*—ſervant, Lady *Harriot*——[Harriot *looks grave upon him.*] What's the matter, dear Lady *Harriot*—Not well? I proteſt to you I'm mightily concern'd—[*Pulls out a bottle.*] This is a moſt excellent ſpirit——ſnuff it up, Madam—

L. *Ha.* Piſh—the familiar coxcomb frets me heartily——

Cam. 'Twill over, I hope, immediately.

L. *Sh.* Your couſin *Fardingale* has ſhewn us ſome of your poetry; there's the ſpinet, Mr. *Camply*, I know you're muſical.

Cam. She ſhould not have call'd it my poetry.

Far. No: who waits there—Pray bring my lute out of the next room——

Enter SERVANT *with a lute.*

You muſt know I conn'd this ſong before I came in, and find it will go to an excellent air of old Mr. *Law*'s, who was my mother's intimate acquaintance; my mother's, what do I talk of? I mean my grand-mother's——Oh here's the lute——Couſin *Camply*, hold the ſong upon your hat. [*Aſide to him.*] 'Tis a pretty gallantry to a relation.

Sings and ſquals.

Let not love, &c.

Oh! I have left off theſe things many a day.

Cam. No; I profeſs Madam, you do it admirably—but are not aſſur'd enough——Take it higher [*in her own ſqual.*] Thus—I know your voice will bear it.

L. *Ha.* Oh hideous! Oh the groſs flatterer——I ſhall burſt——Mrs. *Fardingale*, pray go on, the muſic fits the words moſt aptly—Take it higher, as your couſin adviſes——

Far. Oh, dear Madam, do you really like it—I do it purely to pleaſe you—for I can't ſing, alas!

L. *Sh.* We know it, good Madam, we know it—But pray——

Far. Let not love, and ſubſtantial bliſſes, is lively enough; and ran accordingly in the tune [*Curtſies to the company.*] now I took it higher——

L. *Ha.* Incomparably done! nothing can equal it, except your couſin ſang his own poetry—

Cam. Madam, from my Lord *Hardy* — [*Delivers a letter to Lady* Sharlot.] How do you ſay, my Lady *Harriot*, except I ſing it myſelf! then I aſſure you I will—

L. *Sh.* I han't patience, I muſt go read my letter. [*Exit.*

Cam. Sings, *Let not love*, &c.

Far. Bleſs me, what becomes of Lady *Sharlot?* [*Exit.*

L. *Ha.* Mrs. *Fardingale*, Mrs. *Fardingale*, what, muſt we loſe you——— [*Going after her.*

Camply *runs to the door, takes the key out, and locks her in.*

What means this inſolence? a plot upon me—do you know who I am———

Cam. Yes, Madam, you're my Lady *Harriot Lovely*, with ten thouſand pounds in your pocket; and I am Mr. *Camply*, with two thouſand a year———of quality enough to pretend to you——and I do deſign, before I leave this room, to hear you talk like a reaſonable woman, as nature has made you——nay, 'tis in vain to flounce—and diſcompoſe yourſelf and your dreſs——

L. *Ha.* If there are ſwords, if they are men of honour, and not all daſtards, cowards that pretend to this injur'd perſon——— [*Running round the room.*

Cam. Ay, ay, Madam, let 'em come——that's putting me in my way, fighting's my trade—but you've us'd all mankind too ill to expect ſo much ſervice —in ſhort, Madam, were you a fool I ſhould not deſire to expoſtulate with you——[*Seizing her hand.*] But——

L. *H.* Unhand me, raviſher——[*Pulls her hand from him, chafes round the room,* Cam. *after her.*

Cam.

Cam. But Madam, Madam, Madam, why Madam! *Pr'ythee* Cynthia *look behind you.* [Sings.
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you.

L. *H.* Age, wrinkles, ſmall-pox, nay, any thing that's moſt abhorrent to youth and bloom, were welcome in the place of ſo deteſted a creature.

Cam. No ſuch matter, Lady *Harriot*; I would not be a vain coxcomb, but I know I am not deteſtable, nay, know where you've ſaid as much before you underſtood me for your ſervant. Was I immediately transformed becauſe I became your lover?

L. *H.* My lover, Sir, did I ever give you reaſon, to think I admitted you as ſuch?

Cam. Yes, you did in your uſing me ill——for if you did not aſſume upon the ſcore of my pretending to you, how do you anſwer to yourſelf ſome parts of your behaviour to me as a gentleman———'tis trivial all this in you, and derogates from the good ſenſe I know you miſtreſs of; do but conſider, Madam, I have long lov'd you—bore with your fantaſtic humour through all its mazes—nay, do not frown —for 'tis no better—I ſay I have bore with this humour, but would you have me with an unmanly ſervitude feed it—no, I love you with too ſincere, too honeſt a devotion—and would you have your mind as faultleſs as your perſon, which 'twould be if you'd lay aſide this vanity of being purſued with ſighs, with flatteries, with nonſence,——[*She walks about leſs violently, but more confus'd.*] Oh my heart akes at the diſturbance which I give her, but ſhe muſt not ſee it—[*Aſide*] had I not better tell you of it now, than when you are in my power, I ſhould be then too generous to thwart your inclination.

L. *H.* That is indeed very handſomly ſaid. Why ſhould I not obey reaſon as ſoon as I ſee it? [*Aſide.*] Since ſo, Mr. *Camply*, I can, as ingeniouſly as I ſhould then, acknowledge that I have been in an error.
[*Looking down on her fan.*

Cam. Nay, that's too great a condeſcenſion: Oh! excellence! I repent! I ſee 'twas but juſtice in you to demand

demand my knees, [*kneeling*] my ſighs, my conſtant tendereſt regard and ſervice—and you ſhall have 'em, ſince you are above 'em———

L. *H.* Nay, Mr. *Camply*, you won't recal me to a fault you have ſo lately ſhewn me— I will not ſuffer this———no more ecſtaſies! but pray, Sir, what was't you did to get my ſiſter out of the room?

Cam. You may know it, and I muſt deſire you to aſſiſt my Lord *Hardy* there, who writ to her by me—for he is no raviſher, as you call'd me juſt now—he is now in the houſe———and I would fain gain an interview——

L. *H.* That they may have———but they'll make little uſe of it; for the tongue is the inſtrument of ſpeech to us of a lower form; they are of that high order of lovers, who know none but eloquent ſilence, and can utter themſelves only by a geſture that ſpeaks their paſſion inexpreſſible——and what not fine things.

Cam. But pray let's go into your ſiſter's cloſet, while they are together.

L. *H.* I ſwear I don't know how to ſee my ſiſter—ſhe'll laugh me to death to ſee me out of my pantofles, and you and I thus familiar———however, I know ſhe'll approve it——

Cam. You may boaſt yourſelf an heroine to her, and the firſt woman that was ever vanquiſh'd by hearing truth, and had ſincerity enough to receive ſo rough an obligation, as being made acquainted with her faults—come, Madam, ſtand your ground bravely, we'll march in to her thus. [*She leaning on* Camply.

L. *H.* Who'll believe a woman's anger more? I've betray'd the whole ſex to you, Mr. *Camply*. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lord HARDY *and* CAMPLY.

Cam. My Lord, her ſiſter, who now is mine, will immediately ſend her hither——— but be yourſelf—charge her bravely——I wiſh ſhe were a cannon——an eighteen pounder for your ſake——then I know were there occaſion, you'd be in the mouth of her—

L. *H.*

L. *H.* I long, yet fear to ſee her—I know I am unable to utter myſelf——

Cam. Come, retire here 'till ſhe appears.

[*Go back to the door.*

Enter Lady SHARLOT.

L. *Sh.* Now is the tender moment now approaching. [*Aſide*] There he is. [*They approach and ſalute each other trembling.*] Your Lordſhip will pleaſe to ſit; [*after a very long pauſe, ſtoln glances and irreſolute geſture.*] Your Lordſhip, I think, has travell'd thoſe parts of *Italy* where the armies are———

L. *H.* Yes, Madam———

L. *Sh.* I think I have letters from you, dated *Mantua.*

L. *H.* I hope you have, Madam, and that their purpoſe———

L. *Sh.* My Lord? — [*Looking ſerious and confus'd.*

L. *H.* Was not your Ladyſhip going to ſay ſomething?

L. *Sh.* I only attended to what your Lordſhip was going to ſay——that is, my Lord——but you were, I believe, going to ſay ſomething of that garden of the world, *Italy*—I am very ſorry your misfortunes in *England* are ſuch as make you juſtly regret your leaving that place.

L. *H.* There is a perſon in *England* may make thoſe loſſes inſenſible to me———

L. *Sh.* Indeed, my Lord, there have ſo very few of quality attended his majeſty in the war, that your birth and merit may well hope for his favour.

L. *H.* I have, indeed, all the zeal in the world; for his majeſty's ſervice, and moſt grateful affection for his perſon, but did not then mean him——

L. *Sh.* But can you indeed, impartially ſay that our iſland is really preferable to the reſt of the world, or is it an arrogance only in us to think ſo?

L. *H.* I profeſs, Madam, that little I have ſeen has but more endeared *England* to me; for that medley of humours

humours which perhaps diſtracts our public affairs, does, methinks, improve our private lives, and makes converſation more various, and conſequently more pleaſing—every where elſe both men and things have the ſame countenance—in *France* you meet much civility, and little friendſhip; in *Holland* deep attention, but little reflection; in *Italy*, all pleaſure, but no mirth—but here with us; where you have every where pretenders, or maſters, in every thing, you can't fall into company wherein you ſhall not be inſtructed or diverted.

L. *Sh.* I never had an account of any thing from you, my Lord, but I mourn'd the loſs of my brother, you would have been ſo happy a companion for him—with that right ſenſe of yours—— my Lord, you need not bow ſo obſequiouſly, for I do you but juſtice—— but you ſent me word of your ſeeing a Lady in *Italy* very like me—did you viſit her often?

L. *H.* Once or twice, but I obſerv'd her ſo looſe a creature, that I could have kill'd her for having your perſon—

L. *Sh.* I thank you, Sir; but heav'n that preſerves me unlike her, will, I hope, make her more like me—but your fellow-traveller — his relations themſelves know not a juſt account of him—

L. *H.* The original cauſe of his fever was a violent paſſion for a fine young woman he had not power to ſpeak to —but I told her his regard for her, as paſſionately as poſſible—

L. *Sh.* You were to him, what Mr. *Camply* has been to you——whither am I running?—poor, your friend—poor gentleman---

L. *H.* I hope then as *Camply*'s eloquence is greater, ſo has been his ſucceſs.

L. *Sh.* My Lord?

L. *H.* Your Ladyſhip's.

Enter.

Enter Lady HARRIOT.

L. *Ha.* Undone! undone! *Tattleaid* has found, by ſome means or other, that *Camply* brought my Lord *Hardy* hither; we are utterly ruin'd, my Lady's coming—

L. *H.* I'll ſtay and confront her.

L. *Sh.* It muſt not be—we are too much in her power.

Enter CAMPLY.

Cam. Come, come, my Lord, we're routed horſe and foot—down the back ſtairs, and ſo out. [*Exit.*

Ladies. Ay, ay———

L. *Ha.* I tremble every joint of me—

L. *Sh.* I'm at a ſtand a little, but rage will recover me, ſhe's coming in———

Enter WIDOW.

Wid. Ladies, your ſervant—I fear I interrupt you, have you company? Lady *Harriot*, your ſervant, Lady *Sharlot*, your ſervant? what, not a word—Oh I beg your Ladyſhip's pardon———Lady *Sharlot* did I ſay? my young Lady *Brumpton*, I wiſh you joy.

L. *Sh.* O your ſervants, Lady Dowager *Brumpton*——that's an appellation of much more joy to you—

Wid. So ſmart, Madam, but you ſhould, methinks, have made one acquainted—yet, Madam, your conduct is ſeen thro'—

L. *Sh.* My conduct, Lady *Brumpton!*

Wid. Your conduct, Lady *Sharlot!*

[*Coming up to each other.*

L. *Sh.* Madam, 'tis you are ſeen thro' all your thin diſguiſes—

Wid. I ſeen? by whom?

L. *Sh.* By an all-piercing eye, nay, by what you much more fear, the eye of the world—the world ſees you, or ſhall ſee you: it ſhall know your ſecret intemperance,

perance, your public faſting—looſe poems in your cloſet, an homily on your toilet—your eaſy ſkilful practis'd hypocriſy, by which you wrought upon your huſband, baſely to transfer the truſt and ward of us, two helpleſs virgins, into the hands and care of—I cannot name it —you're a wicked woman.

L. *H.* [*Aſide.*] Oh rare ſiſter! 'tis a fine thing to keep one's anger in ſtock by one, we that are angry and pleas'd every half hour, have nothing at all of all this high flown fury! why, ſhe rages like a princeſs in a tragedy! bleſſings on her tongue—

Wid. Is this the effect of your morning-lectures, your ſelf-examination, all this fury?

L. *Sh.* Yes it is, Madam, if I take pains to govern my paſſions, it ſhall not give licence to others to govern 'em for me.

Wid. Well, Lady *Sharlot*, however you ill deſerve it of me, I ſhall take care, while there are locks and bars, to keep you from Lord *Hardy*—from being a leiger Lady, from carrying a knapſack.

L. *Sh.* Knapſack! do you upbraid the poverty your own wicked arts have brought him to?—knapſack! Oh grant me patience, can I hear this of the man I love? knapſack! I have not words. [*Stamps about the room.*

Wid. I leave you to cool upon it, love and anger are very warm paſſions. [*Exit.*

L. *H.* She has lock'd us in.

L. *Sh.* Knapſack! well, I will break walls to go to him—I could ſit down and cry my eyes out! dear ſiſter, what a rage have I been in? knapſack! I'll give vent to my juſt reſentment———Oh how ſhall I avoid this baſe woman, how meet that excellent man!—what an helpleſs condition are you and I in now? if we run into the world, that youth and innocence which ſhould demand aſſiſtance, does but attract invaders: will providence guard us? how do I ſee that our ſex is naturally indigent of protection? —

I

I hope 'tis in fate to crown our loves; for it is only in the protection of men of honour, that we are naturally truly ſafe;

And woman's happineſs, for all her ſcorn,
Is only by that ſide whence ſhe was born.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lord HARDY, CAMPLY *and* TRIM.

L. *H.* THAT Jade *Tattleaid* ſaw me upon the ſtairs, for I had not patience to keep my concealment, but muſt peep out to ſee what was become of you.

Cam. But we have advice however it ſeems from the garriſon already——this miſtreſs of *Trim*'s is a mighty lucky accident.

Trim. Ay, gentlemen, ſhe has free egreſs and regreſs, and you know the *French* are the beſt bred people in the world—ſhe'll be aſſiſtant—but 'faith, I have one ſcruple that hangs about me—and that is,—look you, my Lord, we ſervants have no maſters in their abſence—in a word, when I am with *Madamoiſelle* I talk of your Lordſhip as only a particular acquaintance, that I do buſineſs indeed for you ſometimes———I muſt needs ſay, cries I, that indeed my Lord *Hardy* is really a perſon I have a great honour for—

L. *H.* Piſh! is that all? I underſtand you——your miſtreſs does not know that you do me the honour to clean my ſhoes or ſo, upon occaſion——pr'ythee, *Will*, make yourſelf as conſiderable as you pleaſe.

Trim. Well then, your leſſon is this———She, out of her reſpect to me, and underſtanding Mr. *Camply* was an intimate of my friend my Lord *Hardy*, and condeſcending (tho' ſhe is of a great houſe in *France*) to make manto's for the improvement of the *Engliſh*——

which gives her eaſy admittance—She, I ſay, mov'd by theſe promiſes, has vouchſafed to bring a letter from my Lady *Harriot* to Mr. *Camply*, and came to me to bring her to him. You are to underſtand alſo, that ſhe is dreſs'd in the lateſt *French* cut; her dreſs is the model of their habit, and herſelf of their manners—for ſhe is——But you you ſhall ſee her— [*Exit.*

L. *H.* This gives me ſome life!——Chear up, *Tom*—but behold the ſolemnity—Do you ſee *Trim*'s gallantry? I ſhall laugh out.

Enter TRIM, *leading in Madamoiſelle.*

Trim. My dear Lord *Hardy*, this is *Madamoiſelle d'Epingle*, whoſe name you've often heard me ſigh—— [*Lord* Hardy *ſalutes her.*] Mr. *Camply*—*Madamoiſelle d'Epingle*——[Camply *ſalutes her.*]

Mad. Votre ſervante, gentlemen, votre ſervante—

Cam. I proteſt to you, I never ſaw any thing ſo becoming as your dreſs——ſhall I beg the favour you'd condeſcend to let Mr. *Trim* lead you once round the room, that I may admire the elegance of your habit.— [Trim *leads her round.*

L. *H.* How could you aſk ſuch a thing?

Cam. Pſhaw, my Lord, you are a baſhful *Engliſh* fellow—You ſee ſhe is not ſurpriz'd at it, but thinks me gallant in deſiring it—Oh, Madam! your air!—The negligence, the diſengagement of your manner! Oh how delicate is your noble nation———I ſwear there's none but the clumſy *Dutch* and *Engliſh* would oppoſe ſuch polite conquerors—When ſhall you ſee an *Engliſh* woman ſo dreſs'd?

Mad. De Engliſe! poor barbarians, poor ſavages, dey know no more of de dreſs, but to cover dere nakedneſs [*Glides along the room.*] Dey be cloded, but no dreſſed. But Monſieur *Terim*, which Monſieur *Camply?*

Trim. That's honeſt *Tom Camply*—

Cam. At your ſervice, *Madamoiſelle*——

Mad.

Mad. I fear I incur de cenſure; [*Pulling out the letter and recollecting as loth to deliver it*] but Mr. *Terim* being your intimate friend, and I deſigning to honour him in de way of an huſband--ſo--ſo--how do I run away in diſcourſe---I never make promiſe to Mr. *Terim* before, and now to do it par accident---

Cam. Dear *Will Trim* is extremely obliging in having prevail'd upon you, to do a thing, that the ſeverity of your virtue, and the greatneſs of your quality (tho' a ſtranger in the country you now honour by your dwelling in it) would not let you otherwiſe condeſcend to———

Mad. Oh Monſieur! Oh Monſieur! you ſpeak my very thoughts—Oh! I don't know how! pardon me to give a billet—it ſo look! Oh fy! I can no ſtay after it—[*Drops it, runs affectedly to the other end of the room, then quite out, re-enters.*] I beg ten thouſand pardons for go away too mal-propos— [*Curtſies as going.*

L. *H.* Your ſervant, good Madam Mr. *Trim*, you know you command here—pray, if Madam *d'Epingle* will honour our cottage with longer ſtay, wait on her in, and entertain her—pray, Sir, be free——

Trim. My Lord, you know your power over me; I'm all complaiſance—— [*Leads her out.*

Cam. Now to my dear epiſtle——

SIR,

THere is one thing which you were too generous to touch upon in our laſt converſation——We have reaſon to fear the widow's practices in relation to our fortunes, if you are not too quick for her——I aſk Lady Sharlot *whether this is not her ſenſe to Lord* Hardy—*She ſays nothing, but lets me write on. Theſe people always have, and will have, admittance every where, therefore we may hear from you.*

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

Harriot Lovely.

My

My obedient ſervant!
Thy obedience ſhall ever be as voluntary as now—— ten thouſand thouſand kiſſes on thee—thou dear paper—look you, my Lord—what a pretty hand it is?

L. *H.* Why, *Tom*, thou doſt not give me leave to ſee it—you ſnatch it to your mouth ſo—— you'll ſtifle the poor Lady——

Cam. Look you, my Lord, all along the lines here went the pen; and thro' them white intervals her ſnowy fingers. Do you ſee, this is her name—

L. *H.* Nay, there's Lady Sharlot's name too in the midſt of the letter—Why, you'll not be ſo unconſcionable——you're ſo greedy, you'll give me one kiſs ſure.

Cam. Well, you ſhall, but you're ſo eager—don't bite me—for you ſhan't have it in your own hands—there, there, there—Let go my hand——

L. *H.* What an exquiſite pleaſure there is in this foolery——But what ſhall we do?

Cam. I have a thought; pr'ythee, my Lord, call *Trim*.

L. *H.* Ha, *Trim!*

Cam. Hold, Mr. *Trim*——You forget his miſtreſs is there.

L. *H.* Cra'mercy—Dear *Will Trim*, ſtep in hither.

Cam. Ay, that's ſomething——

Enter TRIM.

Trim, have not I ſeen a young woman ſometimes carry Madam *d' Epingle*'s trinkets for her, coming from my Lady *Brumpton*'s—

Trim. Yes, you might have ſeen ſuch a one, ſhe waits for her now—

Cam. Do you think you could not prevail for me to be dreſs'd in that wench's cloaths, and attend your miſtreſs in her ſtead thither? They'll not dream we ſhould ſo ſoon attempt again——

Trim. Yes, I'll engage it——

Cam.

Cam. Then we'll truſt the reſt to our good genius, I'll about it inſtantly—*Harriot Lovely*———

[*Exit kiſſing the letter.*

Enter WIDOW, *and* TATTLEAID.

Wid. This was well done of you; be ſure you take care of their young Ladyſhips; you ſhall, I promiſe you, have a ſnip in the ſale of 'em.

Tat. I thank your good Ladyſhip.

Wid. Is that the porter's paper of Howd'ye's?

Tat. Yes, Madam, he juſt ſent it up——— His general anſwer is, that you're as well as can be expected in your condition, but that you ſee no body———

Wid. That's right—[*Reading names.*] Lady *Riggle*, Lady *Formal*—Oh! that *Riggle*, a pert oglet—an indiſcreet ſilly thing, who is really known by no man, yet for her carriage juſtly thought common to all; and as *Formal* has only the appearance of virtue, ſo ſhe has only the appearance of vice—What chance, I wonder, put theſe contradictions to each other into the ſame coach, as you ſay they call'd—— Mrs. *Francis*, and Mrs. *Winifred Glebe*———who are they?

Tat. They are the country great fortunes, have been out of town this whole year; they are thoſe whom your Ladyſhip ſaid upon being very well born, took upon 'em to be very ill bred———

Wid. Did I ſay ſo? really I think 'twas apt enough; now I remember 'em: Lady *Wringkle*, Oh, that ſmug old woman! there's no enduring her affectation of youth; but I plague her; I always aſk whether her daughter in *Wiltſhire* has a grandchild yet or not —— Lady *Worthy*—I can't bear her company, ſhe has ſo much of that virtue in her heart, which I have in my mouth only. [*Aſide.*] Mrs. *After-day*——Oh that's ſhe that was the great beauty——the mighty toaſt about town, that's juſt come out of the ſmall-pox, ſhe's horribly pitted they ſay; I long to ſee her and plague her with my condolence—'Tis a pure ill-natur'd ſatisfaction to ſee one that was a beauty unfortunately move with

with the ſame langour and ſoftneſs of behaviour, that once was charming in her—to ſee, I ſay, her mortify, that us'd to kill——Ha, ha, ha! the reſt are a catalogue of mere names or titles they were born to, an inſipid crowd of the neither good nor bad——But you are ſure theſe other Ladies ſuſpect not in the leaſt that I know of their coming———

Tat. No, dear Madam, they are to aſk for me—

Wid. I hear a coach— [*Exit* Tat. I've now an exquiſite pleaſure in the thought of ſurpaſſing my Lady *Sly*, who pretends to have out-griev'd the whole town for her huſband—They are certainly coming—Oh no! here let me——thus let me ſit and think—[*Widow on her couch, while ſhe is raving as to herſelf*, Tattleaid *ſoftly brings in the Ladies.*] Wretched diſconſolate as I am! Oh welcome—welcome, dear killing anguiſh—Oh that I could lie down and die in my preſent heavineſs——But what—how? Nay, my dear dear Lord—Why do you look ſo pale, ſo ghaſtly at me, wotoo, wotoo, fright thy own trembling ſhivering wife—

Tat. Nay, good Madam, be comforted.

Wid. Thou ſhalt not have me——— [*Puſhes* Tat.

Tat. Nay, good Madam, 'tis I, 'tis I, your Ladyſhip's own woman—'Tis I, Madam, that dreſs you, and talk to you, and tell you all that's done in the houſe every day, 'tis I—

Wid. Is it then poſſible? is it then poſſible that I am left—ſpeak to me not—hold me not——I'll break the liſt'ning walls with my complaints. [*Looks ſurpriz'd at ſeeing company, then ſeverely at* Tattleaid.] Ah! *Tattleaid*—

1 *La.* Nay, Madam, be not angry at her, we would come in in ſpite of her—We are your friends, and are as concern'd as you—

Wid. Ah! Madam, Madam, Madam, Madam, I am an undone woman——Oh me! Alas! Alas! Oh! Oh! [*All join in her notes.*] I ſwoon, I expire. [*Faints.*

2 *La.*

2 *La.* Pray, Mrs. *Tattleaid,* bring ſomething that is cordial to her. [*Exit* Tattleaid.

3 *La.* Indeed, Madam, you ſhould have patience, his Lordſhip was old. To die is but going before in a journey we muſt all take.

Enter TATTLEAID *loaded with bottles. 3d Lady takes a bottle from her and drinks.*

4 *La.* Lord! how my Lady *Fleer* drinks; I've heard, indeed, but never could believe it of her. [*Drinks alſo.*

1 *La.* But, Madam, don't you hear what the town ſays of the Jilt *Flirt,* the men lik'd ſo much in the *Park*—Hark ye—was ſeen with him in an hackney-coach——and ſilk ſtockings—key-hole—his wig——on the chair.——— [*Whiſpers by interruptions.*

2 *La.* Impudent *Flirt* to be found out!

3 *La.* But I ſpeak it only to you——

4 *La.* Nor I but to one more——

[*Whiſpers next woman.*

5 *La.* I can't believe it; nay, I always thought it, Mad m— *Whiſpers the Widow.*

Wid. Sure 'tis impoſſible! the demure prim thing—ſure all the world's hypocriſy—Well, I thank my ſtars, whatſoever ſufferings I have, I've none in reputation. I wonder at the men; I could never think her handſome. She has really a good ſhape and complexion; but no mien; and no woman has the uſe of her beauty without mien. Her charms are dumb, they want utterance. But whither does diſtraction lead me to talk of charms?

1 *La.* Charms? a chit's, a girl's charms—Come let us widows be true to ourſelves, keep our countenances, and our characters, and a fig for the maids; I mean for the unmarried.

2 *La.* Ay, ſince they will ſet up for our knowledge, why ſhould not we for their ignorance?

3 *La.* But, Madam, o' *Sunday* morning at church I curtſied to you; and look'd at a great fuſs in a glaring light

light dreſs next pew. That ſtrong maſculine thing is a Knight's wife, pretends to all the tenderneſs in the world! and would fain put the unwieldy upon us for the ſoft, the languid! She has of a ſudden left her dairy, and ſets up for a fine town-lady, calls her maid *Siſly* her woman, ſpeaks to her by her ſirname, Mrs. *Cherryſiſt*, and her great foot-boy of nineteen, big enough for a trooper, is ſtrip'd into a lace-coat, now Mr. page forſooth.

4 *La.* Oh! I have ſeen her—Well, I heartily pity ſome people for their wealth, they might have been unknown elſe! you'd die, Madam, to ſee her and her equipage—I thought the honeſt fat tits, her horſes, were aſham'd of their finery; they drag'd on, as if they were ſtill at the plough, and a great baſhful-look'd booby behind, graſp'd the coach as if he held one.

5 *La.* Alas! ſome people think there's nothing but being fine to be gentile: but the high prance of the horſes, and the briſk inſolence of the ſervants in an equipage of quality, are inimitable, but to our own beaſts and ſervants.

1 *La.* Now you talk of equipage; I envy this Lady; the beauty ſhe'll appear in a mourning coach, 'twill ſo become her complexion; I confeſs I myſelf mourn'd two years for no other reaſon. Take up that hood there; Oh! that fair face with a vail.

[*They take up her hoods.*

Wid. Fy, fy, Ladies—but I've been told, indeed, black does become—

2 *La.* Well, I'll take the liberty to ſpeak it; there's young *Nutbrain* has long had (I'll be ſworn) a paſſion for this Lady: but I'll tell you one thing, I fear ſhe'll diſlike, that is, he's younger than ſhe is.

3 *La.* No, that's no exception; but I'll tell you one, he's younger than his brother.

Wid. Ladies, talk not of ſuch affairs: who cou'd love ſuch an unhappy relict as I am? But, dear Madam, what grounds have you for that idle ſtory?

4 *La.*

4 *La.* Why, he toaſts you, and trembles when you're ſpoke of; it muſt be a match.

Wid. Nay, nay; you rally, you rally: but I know you mean it kindly.

1 *La.* I ſwear we do.

[Tattleaid *whiſpers the Widow.*

Wid. But I muſt beſeech you, Ladies, ſince you have been ſo compaſſionate, as to viſit and accompany my ſorrow, to give me the only comfort I can now know, to ſee my friends cheerful, and to honour an entertainment *Tattleaid* has prepared within for you: if I can find ſtrength enough I'll attend you; but I wiſh you'd excuſe me, for I've no reliſh of food or joy, but will try to get a bit down in my own chamber.

All. No, no, you muſt go with us.

1 *La.* There's no pleaſure without you.

Wid. But, Madam, I muſt beg of your Ladyſhip not to be ſo importune to my freſh calamity, as to mention *Nutbrain* any more: I'm ſure there's nothing in it: in love with me, quoth a'. [*Is helped off.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MADAMOISELLE, *and* CAMPLY, *in women's cloaths, carrying her things.*

Mad. I very glad us be in de Ladies antichamber; I was ſham'd of you. You you ſuch an impudent look: beſides, me wonder you were not ſeiz'd by the conſtable, when you puſh'd de man into de kennel.

Cam. Why, ſhou'd I have let him kiſs'd me?

Mad. No: but if you had hit him wit fan, and ſay, why ſure ſaucy-box, it been enough; beſide what you hitted de gentleman for offer kiſſe me.

Cam. I beg pardon, I did not know you were pleas'd with it.

Mad. Pleaſe, no; but me rader be kiſſe, den you, Mr. *Terim*'s friend, be found out. Cou'd not you ſay when he kiſſe me, ſure ſaucy-box, dat's meat for your maſter. Beſides you take ſuch ſtrides when

you walk——walk—Oh fy; deſe littil pette tiny bits a woman ſteps. [*Shewing her ſtep.*

Cam. But pr'ythee, *Madamoiſelle*, why have you loſt your *Engliſh* tongue all of a ſudden; methought when the fellow call'd us *French* whores, as we came along, and ſaid we came to ſtarve their own people, you gave him pretty plain *Engliſh*; he was a dog, a raſcal, you'd ſend him to the ſtocks——

Mad. Ha! ha! ha! I was in a paſſion and betray'd myſelf; but you're my lover's friend, and a man of honour, therefore know you'll do nothing to injure us. Why, Mr. *Camply*, you muſt know, I can ſpeak as good *Engliſh* as you; but I don't for fear of loſing my cuſtomers: the *Engliſh* will never give a price for any thing they underſtand. Nay, I've known ſome of your fools pretend to buy with good-breeding, and give any rate rather than not be thought to have *French* enough to know what they were doing; ſtrange and farfetch'd things they only like: don't you ſee how they ſwallow gallons of the juice of tea, while their own dock-leaves are trod under foot? But mum: my Lady *Harriot*.

Enter Lady HARRIOT.

Madam, voſtre ſervante, ſervante——

L. *Ha.* Well, *Madamoiſelle*, did you deliver my letter?

Mad. Ovi——

L. *Ha.* Well and how—is that it in your hand?

Mad. Ovi—

L. *Ha.* Well then, why don't you give it me?

Mad. Oh fy! Lady, dat be ſo right Engliſe, de Engliſe mind only de words of de lovers, but de words of de lovers are often lie, but de action no lie—

L. *Ha.* What does the thing mean? Give me my letter—

Mad. Me did not deliver your letter—

L. *Ha.* No?

Mad.

Mad No, me tell you, me did drop it, to ſee Mr. *Camply* how cavalier to take it up. As deſe me drop it, ſo Monſieur run take it up—

[*They both run to take it up.* Mad. *takes it.*

L. *Ha.* Will you give me my letter or not?

Mad. Ovi—but dus he do—Dere de letter——very well, very well. O l'amour! you act de manner, Mr. *Camply*—take it up better den I, do' you no ſee it?

[*They both run,* Harriot *gets it.*

L. *Ha. Reads.*

MADAM,

I *Am glad you mentioned what indeed I did not at that time think of, nor if I had, ſhou'd I have known how to have ſpoken of. But bleſs me more than fortune can, by turning thoſe fair eyes upon, Madam,*

Your moſt faithful,

Moſt obedient humble Servant,

Tho. Camply.

What does he mean? But bleſs me more——by turning———Oh 'tis he himſelf———[*Looking about, obſerves* Cam. *ſmile.*] Oh the hoiden—the romp—I did not think any thing could add to your native confidence, but you look ſo very bold in that dreſs—and your arms will fall off—and your petticoats how they hang?

Cam. Madamoiſelle voulez vous de *Salville L'eau D'Hongrie*, chez Monſieur Marchand de *Montpelier*—Dis for your teet, [*ſhowing his trinkets.*] De Eſſence, a little book French for teach de elder broders make compliments. Will you, I ſay, have any thing that I have, will you have all I have?——Madam.

L. *Ha.* Yes, and for the humour's ſake, will never part with this box, while I live, ha! ha! ha!

Cam.

Cam. But, Lady *Harriot*, we muſt not ſtand laughing; as you obſerve in your letter, delays are dangerous in this wicked woman's cuſtody of you—— therefore I muſt, Madam, beſeech you, and pray ſtay not on niceties, but be adviſed.

L. *Ha.* Mr. *Camply*, I have no will but yours.

Cam. Thou dear creature——but [*Kiſſes her hand.*] Hark'ye, then you muſt change dreſſes with *Madamoiſelle* and go with me inſtantly.

L. *Ha.* What you pleaſe—

Cam. Madam, *D'Epingle*, I muſt deſire you to comply with a humour of gallantry of ours, you may be ſure I'll have an eye over the treatment you have upon my account, only to change habits with Lady *Harriot*, and let her go while you ſtay.

Mad. Wit all my heart. [*Offers to undreſs herſelf.*

L. *Ha.* What, before Mr. *Camply?*

Mad. Oh, oh, very *Anglaiſe!* dat is ſo *Engliſe*, all women of quality in *France*, are dreſs and undreſs by a valet de chamber, de man chamber-maid help complexion, better den de woman. [*Apart to* Har.

L. *Ha.* Nay, that's a ſecret in dreſs, *Madamoiſelle*, I never knew before, and am ſo unpoliſh'd an *Engliſh* woman as to reſolve never to learn ev'n to dreſs before my huſband. Oh! indecency! Mr. *Camply*, do you hear what *Madamoiſelle* ſays—

Mad. Oh! hiſt—begatelle.

L. *Ha.* Well, we'll run in and be ready in an inſtant. [*Exeunt L.* Harriot, *and* Madamoiſelle.

Cam. Well, I like her every minute better and better. What a delicate chaſtity ſhe has! there's ſomething ſo groſs in the carriage of ſome wives (tho' they're honeſt too) that they loſe their huſband's hearts for faults which if they have either good-nature, or good-breeding, they know not how to tell 'em of. But how happy am I in ſuch a friend as *Hardy*, ſuch a miſtreſs as *Harriot!*

Continue heav'n, a grateful heart to bleſs
With faith in friendſhip, and in love ſucceſs.

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter WIDOW, *and* TRUSTY.

Wid. MR. *Truſty*, you have, I do aſſure you, the ſame place and power, in the management of my Lord *Brumpton*'s eſtate, as in his life-time. (I am reduc'd to a neceſſity of truſting him) [*Aſide.*] However *Tattleaid* diſſembles the matter, ſhe muſt be privy to Lady *Harriot*'s eſcape; and *Fardingale*'s as deep with 'em both, and I fear will be their ruin, which 'tis my care and duty to prevent. Be vigilant, and you ſhall be rewarded. I ſhall employ you wholly in Lady *Sharlot*'s affairs, ſhe is able to pay ſervices done for her. You've ſenſe, and underſtand me.

[*Exit* Widow.

Tru. Yes, I do indeed underſtand you, and could wiſh another could with as much deteſtation as I do; but my poor old Lord is ſo ſtrangely, ſo bewitchedly enamour'd of her, that ev'n after this diſcovery of her wickedneſs, I ſee he could be reconcil'd to her, and tho' he is aſham'd to confeſs to me, I know he longs to ſpeak with her. If I tell Lord *Hardy* all to make his fortune, he would not let his father be diſhonour'd by a public way of ſeparation. If things are acted privately, I know ſhe'll throw us all; there's no middle-way, I muſt expoſe her to make a re union impracticable: alas, how is honeſt truth baniſh'd the world, when we muſt watch the ſeaſons and ſoft avenues to men's hearts, to gain it entrance ev'n for their own good and intereſt. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord HARDY, CAMPLY, *and* TRIM.

L. *H.* I forget my own misfortunes, dear *Camply*, when I reflect on your ſucceſs.

Cam. I aſſure you, it moderates the ſwell of joy that I am in, to think of your difficulties. I hope my felicity is previous to yours; my Lady *Harriot* gives her ſervice

ſervice to you, and we both think it but decent to ſuſpend our marriage, 'till your and Lady *Sharlot*'s affairs are in the ſame poſture.

L. *H.* Where is my Lady?

Cam. She's at my aunt's, my Lord. But, my Lord, if you don't interpoſe, I don't know how I ſhall adjuſt matters with Mr. *Trim*, for leaving his miſtreſs behind me, I fear he'll demand ſatisfaction of me.

Trim. No, Sir; alas, I can know no ſatisfaction while ſhe is in jeopardy. Therefore would rather be put in a way to recover her by ſtorming the caſtle, or other fate of arms, like a true enamour'd ſwain as I am.

Cam. Since we are all three then expecting lovers, my Lord, pr'ythee let's have that ſong of yours which ſuits our common purpoſe.

L. *H.* Call in the boy.

Boy ſings.

Ye minutes bring the happy hour,
And Chloe *bluſhing to the bower:*
Then ſhall all idle flames be o'er,
Nor eyes or heart e'er wander more:
Both, Chloe, *fix'd for e'er on thee,*
For thou art all thy ſex to me.

II.

A guilty is a falſe embrace;
Corinna's *love's a fairy-chace;*
Begone, thou meteor, fleeting fire,
And all, that can't ſurvive deſire.
Chloe *my reaſon moves and awe,*
And Cupid *ſhot me, when he ſaw.*

Trim. Look you, gentlemen, ſince as you are pleas'd to ſay we're all lovers, and conſequently poets, pray do me the honour to hear a little air of mine: you muſt know then, I once had the misfortune to fall in love below myſelf; but things went hard with us at that

that time, ſo that my paſſion, or as I may poetically ſpeak, my fire was in the kitchin: 'twas towards a cook-maid; but before I ever ſaw Mrs. *Deborah*.

L. *H.* Come on then, *Trim*, let's have it.

Trim. I muſt run into next room for a lute. [*Exit.*

Cam. This muſt be diverting! can the rogue play?

Re-enter TRIM, *with a pair of Tongs.*

Trim. Dear *Cynderaxa* herſelf very well underſtood this inſtrument, I therefore always ſung this ſong to it, as thus.

I.

Cynderaxa *kind and good,*
Has all my heart and ſtomach too;
She makes me love, not hate, my food,
As other peeviſh wenches do.

II.

When Venus *leaves her* Vulcan's *cell,*
Which all but I a cole-hole call;
Fly, fly ye that above ſtairs dwell,
Her face is waſh'd, ye vaniſh all.

III.

And as ſhe's fair, ſhe can impart
That beauty to make all things fine;
Brightens the floor with wondrous art,
And at her touch the diſhes ſhine.

L. *H.* I proteſt, *Will*, thou art a poet indeed. *And at her touch the diſhes ſhine*——and you touch your lute as finely.

Enter BOY.

Boy. There's one Mr. *Truſty* below would ſpeak with my Lord.

L. *H.* Mr. *Truſty?* my father's ſteward? what can he have to ſay to me?

Cam. He's very honeſt, to my knowledge.

L. *H.*

L. *H.* I remember indeed when I was turn'd out of the houſe, he follow'd me to the gate, and wept over me, for which I've heard he'd like to have loſt his place. But however I muſt adviſe with you a little, about my behaviour to him; let's in. Boy, bring him up hither, tell him I'll wait on him preſently. [*Exit Boy.*

I ſhall want you, I believe, here, *Trim.* [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter BOY *and* TRUSTY.

Boy. My Lord will wait on you here immediately. [*Exit Boy.*

Tru. 'Tis very well—theſe lodgings are but homely for the Earl of *Brumpton*——Oh that damn'd ſtrumpet—that I ſhould ever know my maſter's wife for ſuch—how many thouſand things does my head run back to? after my poor father's death the good Lord took me, becauſe he was a captain in his regiment, and gave me education. I was, I think, three and twenty when this young Lord within was chriſtened; what ado there was about calling him *Francis* [*wipes his eyes.*] Theſe are but poor lodgings for him. I cannot bear the joy to think that I ſhall ſave the family, from which I've had my bread.

Enter TRIM.

Trim. Sir, my Lord will wait on you immediately.

Tru. Sir, 'tis my duty to wait him—[*as* Trim *is going*] but, Sir, are not you the young man that attended him at *Chriſt-church* in *Oxford*, and have follow'd him ever ſince?

Trim. Yes, Sir, I am.

Tru. Nay, Sir, no harm, but you'll thrive the better for it.

Trim. I like this old fellow, I ſmell more money. [*Aſide. Exit.*

Tru. I think 'tis now eight years ſince I ſaw him, he was not then nineteen, when I follow'd him to the gate,

gate, and gave him fifty guineas, which I pretended his father ſent after him.

Enter Lord HARDY.

L. *H.* Mr. *Truſty*, I'm very glad to ſee you, you look very hale and jolly; you wear well—I'm glad to ſee it——but your commands to me, Mr. *Truſty*.

Tru. Why, my Lord, I preſume to wait on your Lordſhip; my Lord, you're ſtrangely grown; you're your father's very picture; you're he, my Lord: you are the very man that look'd ſo pleas'd, to ſee me look ſo fine in my lac'd livery, to go to court. I was his page when he was juſt ſuch another as you. He kiſs'd me afore a great many Lords, and ſaid I was a brave man's ſon that taught him to exerciſe his arms. I remember he carried me to the great window, and bid me be ſure to keep in your mother's ſight in all my finery. She was the fineſt young creature, the maids of honour hated to ſee her at court. My Lord then courted my good Lady: ſhe was as kind to me on her death-bed, ſhe ſaid to me, Mr. *Truſty*, take care of my Lord's ſecond marriage for that child's ſake: ſhe pointed as well as ſhe could to you; you fell a crying, and ſaid ſhe ſhould not die; but ſhe did, my Lord; ſhe left the world, and no one like her in't. Forgive me, my honour'd maſter, [*Weeps, runs to my Lord, and hugs him.*] I've often carry'd you in theſe arms that graſp you, they were ſtronger then, but if I die to-morrow you're worth five thouſand pounds by my gift, 'tis what I've got in the family, and I return it to you with thanks—but alas do I live to ſee you want it?

L. *H.* You confound me with all this tenderneſs and generoſity.

Tru. I'll trouble you no longer, my Lord—but—

L. *H.* Call it not a trouble; for——

Tru. My good Lord, I will not, I ſay, indulge myſelf in talking fond tales that melt me, and interrupt

my ſtory: my buſineſs to your Lordſhip in one word, is this; I am in good confidence at preſent with my Lady *Dowager*, and I know ſhe has ſome fears upon her, which depend upon the nature of the ſettlement to your diſfavour; and under the roſe—be yourſelf—I fear your father has not had fair play for his life; be compos'd, my Lord, what is to be done in this, we'll not apply to public juſtice in this caſe, 'till we ſee farther; 'twill make it noiſy, which we muſt not do, if I might adviſe. You ſhall, with a detachment of your company, ſeize the corps as it goes out of the houſe this evening to be interr'd in the country; 'twill only look like taking the adminiſtration upon yourſelf, and commencing a ſuit for the eſtate: ſhe has put off the lying in ſtate, and Lady *Harriot*'s eſcape with Mr. *Camply* makes her fear he will prove a powerful friend, both to the young Ladies and your Lordſhip. She cannot with decency be ſo buſy, as when the corps is out of the houſe, therefore haſtens it. I know your whole affair, leave the care of Lady *Scarlot* to me, I'll pre-acquaint her, that ſhe mayn't be frightened, and diſpoſe of her ſafely to obſerve the iſſue.

L. *H.* I wholly underſtand you, it ſhall be done.

Tru. I'm ſure I am wanted this moment for your intereſt at home. This ring ſhall be the paſſport of intelligence, for whom you ſend to aſſault us; and the remittance of it ſeal'd with this, ſhall be authentic from within the houſe.

L. *H.* 'Tis very well.

Tru. Hope all you can wiſh, my Lord, from a certain ſecret-relating to the eſtate, which I'll acquaint you with next time I ſee you. [*Exit.*

L. *H.* Your ſervant—this fellow's ſtrangely honeſt—Ha! *Will.*

Enter CAMPLY *and* WILL.

Will, don't the *recruits* wait for me to ſee 'em at their parade before this houſe?

Trim. Yes, and have waited theſe three hours.

L. *H.*

L. *H.* Go to 'em, I'll be there myſelf immediately, we muſt attack with 'em, if the rogues are ſturdy, this very evening

Trim. I gueſs where—I'm overjoyed at it. I'll warrant you they do it, if I command in chief.

L. *H.* I deſign you ſhall. [Trim *runs out jumping.*

Camp. You ſeem, my Lord, to be in deep meditation.

L. *H.* I am ſo, but not on any thing that you may not be acquainted with.

Enter TRIM, *with a Company of ragged Fellows, with a cane.*

1 *Sol.* Why then I find, Mr. *Trim*, we ſhall come to blows before we ſee the *French*—

Trim. Harkee, friend, 'tis not your affair to gueſs or inquire what you are going to do, 'tis only for us commanders—

2 *Sol.* The *French*, pox, they are but a company of ſcratching civet cats—they fight!

Trim. Harkee, don't bluſter—were not you a little miſtaken in your facings at *Steinkirk?*

2 *Sol.* I grant it; you know I have an antipathy to the *French*——I hate to ſee the dogs———look you here, gentlemen, I was ſhot quite through the body—look you.

Trim. Pr'ythee, look where it enter'd at your back.

2 *Sol.* Look you, Mr. *Trim*, you will have your joke, we know you are a wit——but what's that to a fighting man?

Enter KATE.

Kate. Mr. *Trim*,——Mr *Trim*——

Trim. Things are not as they have been, Mrs. *Kate*, I now pay the company—and we that pay money expect a little more ceremony——

Kate. Will your honour pleaſe to taſte ſome right *French* brandy?——

Trim.

Trim. Art thou ſure, good woman, 'tis right [*Drinks.*] How—*French*———pray—nay, if I find you deceive me, who pay the men—— [*Drinks.*

Kate. Pray, good maſter, have you ſpoke to my Lord about me?

Trim. I have, but you ſhall ſpeak to him yourſelf—thou haſte been a true campaigner, *Kate*, and we muſt not neglect thee—do you ſell gray peaſe yet of an evening——Mrs. *Matchlock*— [*Drinks again!*

Kate. Any thing to turn the penny, but I got more by crying pamphlets this year, than by any thing I have done a great while——now I am married into the company again, I deſign to croſs the ſeas next year. But, maſter, my huſband, a *Temple*-porter, and a parliament man's footman, laſt night by their talk made me think there was danger of a peace; why, they ſaid all the prime people were againſt a war.

Trim. No no, *Kate*, never fear, you know I keep great company, all men are for war, but ſome would have it abroad, and ſome would have it at home in their own country.

Kate. Ay, ſay you ſo, drink about, gentlemen, not a farthing to pay, a war is a war, be it where it will:—but pray, Mr. *Trim*, ſpeak to my Lord, that when theſe gentlemen have ſhirts I may waſh for 'em.

Trim. I tell you, if you behave well to-night, you ſhall have a fortnight's pay each man as a reward; but there's none of you induſtrious, there's a thouſand things you might do to help out about this town—— as to cry——— puff——puff-pyes--have you any knives or ſciſſors to grind—or late in an evening, whip from *Grub-ſtreet* ſtrange and bloody news from *Flanders*——votes from the houſe of commons——— buns, rare buns—old ſilver lace, clokes, ſutes, or coats ———old ſhoes, boots or hats——but here, here, here's my Lord a coming—here's the captain, fall back into the rank——there move up in the centre.

Enter

Enter Lord HARDY *and* CAMPLY.

L. *H.* Let me ſee whether my ragged friends are ready and about me.

Kate. Enſign *Camply*, Enſign *Camply*, I am overjoy'd to ſee your honour, ha' the world's ſurely alter'd, ha'.

Cam. 'Tis ſo 'faith, *Kate*, why thou art true to the cauſe, with the company ſtill, honeſt *Amazon*.

Kate. Dear ſoul, not a bit of pride in him; but won't your honour help in my buſineſs with my Lord? ſpeak for me, noble enſign, do.

Cam. Speak to him yourſelf, I'll ſecond you.

Kate. Noble captain, my Lord, I ſuppoſe Mr. *Trim* has told your honour about my petition, I have been a great ſufferer in the ſervice; 'tis hard for a poor woman to loſe nine huſbands in a war, and no notice taken; nay, three of 'em, alas, in the ſame campaign, here the woman ſtands that ſays it, I never ſtrip'd a man 'till I firſt try'd if he could ſtand on his legs, and if not, I think 'twas fair plunder, except our adjutant, and he was a puppy that made my eighth huſband run the gauntlet for not turning his toes out.

L. *H.* Well, we'll conſider thee, *Kate*, but fall back into the rear. A roll of what? gentlemen ſoldiers.

Trim. To *Pumkin*] Do you hear that? my Lord himſelf can't deny but we are all gentlemen as much as his Honour———

L. *H. Reading.*] Gentlemen ſoldiers quarter'd in and about *Guy-court* in *Vinegar-yard*, in *Ruſſel-court*, in *Drury-lane*, belonging to the Honourable Captain *Hardy*'s company of foot——So, anſwer to your names, and march off from the left—*John Horſeem*, corporal, march eaſy that I may view you as you paſs by me: drums. *Simon Ruffle*, *Darby Tattoo*——there's a ſhilling for you——*Tattoo*, be always ſo tight: how does he keep himſelf ſo clean?

Trim. Sir, he is a tragedy-drum to one of the play-houſes.

L. *H.* Private gentlemen——*Alexander Cowitch*, *Humphrey Mundungus*, *William Faggot*, *Nicholas Scab*, *Timothy*

Timothy Megrim, Philip Scratch, Nehemiah Duſt, Humphrey Garbage, Nathaniel Matchlock.

Cam. What, is *Matchlock* come back to the company? that's the fellow that brought me off at *Steinkirk.*

L. *H.* No, Sir, 'tis I am oblig'd to him for that; [*Offering to give him money*] there, friend; you ſhall want for nothing, I'll give thee a halbert too.

Kate. O brave me! ſhall I be a ſergeant's Lady—I 'faith I'll make the drums, and the corporal's wives, and company-keepers know their diſtance.

Cam. How far out of the country did you come to liſt, don't you come from *Cornwal*, how did you bear your charges?

Match. I was whipt from conſtable to conſtable—

Trim. Ay, my Lord, that's due by the courteſy of *England* to all that want in red coats; beſides, there's an act that makes us free of all corporations, and that's the ceremony of it.

Cam. But what pretence had they for uſing you ſo ill, you did not pilfer?

Match. I was found guilty of being poor.

Cam. Poor devil!

L. *H.* *Timothy Ragg*——Oh, *Ragg*! I thought when I gave you your diſcharge, juſt afore the peace, we ſhould never have had you again; how came you to liſt now?

Ragg. To pull down the *French* King.

L. *H.* Bravely reſolv'd——but pull your ſhirt into your breeches, in the mean time——*Jeoffry Tatter*—what's become of the ſkirts and buttons of your coat?

Tatter. In our laſt clothing in the regiment I ſerv'd in a fore, the colonel had one ſkirt before, the agent one behind, and every captain of the regiment a button.

L. *H.* Huſh, you rogue, you talk mutiny. [*Smiling.*

Trim. Ay Sirrah, what have you to do with more knowledge than that of your right hand from your left? [*Hits him a blow on the head.*

L. *H.*

L. *H. Hugh Clump*———*Clump*, thou groweſt a little too heavy for marching.

Trim. Ay, my Lord, but if we don't allow him the pay he'll ſtarve, for he's too lame to get into the hoſpital.

L. *H. Richard Bumpkin*: Ha! a perfect country hick ——how came you, friend, to be a ſoldier?

Bump. An't pleaſe your honour, I have been croſs'd in love, and am willing to ſeek my fortune.

L. *H.* Well, I've ſeen enough of 'em, if you mind your affair, and act like a wiſe general, theſe fellows may do——come take your orders. [Trim *puts his hat on his ſtick, while my Lord is giving him the ring, and whiſpers orders.*] Well, gentlemen, do your buſineſs manfully, and nothing ſhall be too good for you.

All. Bleſs your honour. [*Exit* Har. *and* Camply.

Trim. Now, my brave friends and fellow-ſoldiers—[*Aſide.*] I muſt fellow-ſoldier 'em juſt afore a battle, like a true officer, tho' I cane 'em all the year round beſide—[*Strutting about*] Major General *Trim*, no, pox, *Trim* ſounds ſo very ſhort and priggiſh—that my name ſhould be a monoſyllable! but the foreign news will write me, I ſuppoſe, Monſieur, or Chevalier *Trimont*, Seigneur *Trimoni*, or Count *Trimuntz* in the *German* army I ſhall perhaps be call'd; ay, that's all the plague and comfort of us great men, they do ſo toſs our names about—but gentlemen, you are now under my command—huzza! thrice——faith, this is very pleaſing, this grandeur! why, after all, 'tis upon the neck of ſuch ſcoundrels as theſe gentlemen, that we great captains build our renown——a million or two of theſe fellows make an *Alexander*, and as that my predeceſſor ſaid in the tragedy of him on the very ſame occaſion going to ſtorm for his *Statira*, ſo do I for my dear ſempſtreſs, Madam *d' Epingle*.

When I ruſh on, ſure none will dare to ſtay;
'Tis beauty calls, and glory leads the way.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter TRUSTY *and Lord* BRUMPTON.

Tru. SHE knows no moderation in her good fortune, ſhe has, out of impatience to ſee herſelf in her weeds, order'd her mantua woman to ſtitch up any thing immediately—you may hear her and *Tattleaid* laugh aloud———ſhe is ſo wantonly merry.

L. *Brum.* But this of Lady *Sharlot* is the very utmoſt of all ill——pray read———but I muſt ſit——my late fit of the gout makes me act with pain and conſtraint—let me ſee——

Tru. She writ it by the Page, who brought it me, as I had wheedled him to do all their paſſages.

L. *Brum.* [Reads.]

You muſt watch the occaſion of the ſervants, being gone out of the houſe, with the corps; Tattleaid *ſhall conduct you to my Lady* Sharlot's *appartment——away with her——and be ſure you bed her.———*

Your affectionate Siſter,

Mary. Brumpton.

Brumpton? The creature—ſhe call'd as *Frank's* mother was? *Brumpton!* the ſuccuba! what a devil incarnate have I had in my boſom? why, the common abandon'd town women would ſcruple ſuch an action as this———tho' they have loſt all regard to their own chaſtity, they would be tender of another's—why ſure ſhe had no infancy—ſhe never had virginity, to have no compaſſion through memory of her own former innocence——this is to forget her very humanity—

her

her very ſex—where is my poor boy? where's *Frank?* does not he want! how has he liv'd all this time—not a ſervant I warrant, to attend him——what company can he keep? what can he ſay of his father?

Tru. Tho' you made him not your heir, he is ſtill your ſon,—and has all the duty and tenderneſs in the world for your memory———

L. *Brum.* It is impoſſible, *Truſty*, it is impoſſible—I will not rack myſelf with the thought, that one I have injur'd can be ſo very good—keep me in countenance—tell me he hates my very name—wou'd not aſſume my title, becauſe it deſcends from me—what's his company?

Tru. Young *Tom Camply*, they are never aſunder.

L. *Brum.* I am glad he has my pretty tattler—the chearful innocent—*Harriot*—I hope he'll be good to her—he's good-natur'd and well-bred—

Tru. But, my Lord, ſhe was very punctual in ordering the funeral—ſhe bid *Sable* be ſure to lay you deep enough—ſhe had heard ſuch ſtories of the wicked ſextons taking up people——but I wiſh, my Lord, you would pleaſe to hear her, and *Tattleaid* once more—

L. *Brum.* I know to what thy zeal tends——but I tell you, ſince you cannot be convinc'd but that I have ſtill a ſoftneſs for her—I ſay tho' I had ſo, it ſhould never make me tranſgreſs that ſcrupulous honour that becomes a peer of *England*——if I could forget injuries done myſelf thus groſs——I never will thoſe done my friends—you knew *Sharlot*'s worthy father—no—there's no need of my ſeeing more of this woman—I behold her now with the ſame eyes that you do—there's a meanneſs in all ſhe ſays or does——ſhe has a great wit but a little mind——ſomething ever wanting to make her appear my Lady *Brumpton*—ſhe has nothing natively great—you ſee I love her not——I talk with judgment of her—

Tru. I ſee it, my good Lord, with joy I ſee it—not care how few things I ſee more in this world—my ſatisfaction is compleat—welcome old age——welcome decay—'tis not decay, but growth to a latter being.

[*Exit, leading Lord* Brumpton.

Re-enter TRUSTY, *meeting* CABINET.

Tru. I have your letter, Mr. *Cabinet.*

Cab. I hope, Sir, you'll believe it was not in my nature to be guilty of ſo much baſeneſs; but, being born a gentleman, and bred out of all roads of induſtry, in that idle manner too many are, I ſoon ſpent a ſmall patrimony; and being debauch'd by luxury, I fell into the narrow mind to dread no infamy like poverty—which made me guilty, as that paper tells you—and had I not writ to you, I am ſure I never could have told you of it.

Tru. It is an ingenuous, pious penitence in you—— my Lord *Hardy*—(to whom this ſecret is ineſtimable) is a noble natur'd man——and you ſhall find him ſuch ——I give you my word——

Cab. I know, Sir, your integrity———

Tru. But pray be there——all that you have to do is to aſk for the gentlewoman at the houſe at my Lord *Hardy*'s——ſhe'll take care of you——And pray have patience, where ſhe places you, 'till you ſee me.—— [*Ex.* Cab.] My Lord *Hardy*'s being an houſe where they receive lodgers, has allowed me convenience to place every body I think neceſſary to be by at her diſcovery—This prodigious welcome ſecret! I ſee however impracticable honeſt actions may appear, we may go on with juſt hope.

All that is ours is to be juſtly bent,
And heav'n in its own cauſe will bleſs th' event. [Exit.

Enter TRIM *and his Party.*

Trim. March up, march up——Now we are near the citadel——and halt only to give the neceſſary orders

ders for the engagement——Ha! *Clump*, *Clump*,—— When we come to Lord *Brumpton*'s door, and you ſee us conveniently diſpos'd about the houſe——you are to wait 'till you ſee a corps brought out of the houſe —then to go up to him you obſerve the director, and aſk importunately for an alms to a poor ſoldier—— for which you may be ſure you ſhall have a good blow or two———but if you have not, be ſaucy 'till you have———Then when you ſee a file of men got between the houſe and the body———A file of men, *Bumkin*, is ſix men,——I ſay, when you ſee the file in ſuch a poſture, that half the file may face to the houſe, half to the body——you are to fall down, crying murder, that the half file fac'd to the body, may throw it and themſelves over you———I then march to your reſcue——Then, *Swagger*, you and your party fall in to ſecure my rear, while I march off with the body——Theſe are the orders ——and this, with a little improvement of my own, is the ſame diſpoſition *Villeroy* and *Catenat* made at *Chiari*.

[*Marches off with his party.*

Enter WIDOW *in deep mourning, with a dead Squirrel on her arm, and* TATTLEAID.

Wid. It muſt be ſo—it muſt be your careleſsneſs— What had the page to do in my bed-chamber?

Tat. Indeed, Madam, I can't tell—But I came in and catch'd him wringing round his neck———

Wid. Tell the raſcal from me—he ſhall romp with the footmen no more———No———I'll ſend the rogue in a frock to learn *Latin* among the dirty boys that come to good—I will——but 'tis ever ſo among theſe creatures that live on one's ſuperfluous affections; a Lady's woman, page, and ſquirrel are always rivals.

Poor harmleſs animal——pretty ev'n in death.
Death might have over-look'd thy little life——
How could'ſt thou, *Robin*, leave thy nuts and me?
How was't, import'nate deareſt, thou ſhould'ſt die?

Thou

Thou never didſt invade thy neighbour's ſoils:
Never mad'ſt war with ſpecious ſhews of peace:
Thou never haſt depopulated regions,
But chearfully didſt bear thy little chain,
Content——ſo I but fed thee with this hand.

Tat. Alas, alas! we are all mortal: conſider, Madam, my Lord's dead too.

Wid. Ay; but our animal-friends do wholly die; an huſband, or relation, after death, is rewarded or tormented———That's ſome conſolation——I know her tears are falſe; for ſhe hated *Robin* always——— [*Aſide.*]——But ſhe's a well-bred diſhoneſt ſervant, that never ſpeaks a painful truth——But I'll reſolve to conquer my affliction—Never ſpeak more of *Robin*—Hide him there—But to my dreſs———How ſoberly magnificent is black——And the train——I wonder how widows came to wear ſuch long tails!

Tat. Why, Madam, the ſtatelieſt of all creatures has the longeſt tail, the peacock, nay, 't'has of all creatures the fineſt mien too—except your Ladyſhip, who are a phenix———

Wid. Ho! brave *Tattleaid*——But did not you obſerve what a whining my Lady *Sly* made, when ſhe had drank a little? did you believe her? do you think there are really people ſorry for their huſbands?

Tat. Really, Madam, ſome men do leave their fortunes in ſuch diſtraction, that I believe it may be——
[*Speaks with pins in her mouth.*

Wid. But I ſwear I wonder how it came up to dreſs us thus———I proteſt, when all my equipage is ready, and I move in full pageantry, I ſhall fancy myſelf an ambaſſadreſs from the commonwealth of women, the diſtreſſed ſtate of *Amazonia*——to treat for men—But I proteſt I wonder how two of us thus clad can meet with a grave face—methinks they ſhould laugh out like two fortune-tellers, or two opponent lawyers that know each other for cheats——

Tat. Ha! ha! ha! I ſwear to you, Madam, your Ladyſhip's wit will choke me one time or other——

I had like to have ſwallow'd all the pins in my mouth———

Wid. But, *Tatty*, to keep houſe ſix weeks, that's another barbarous cuſtom; but the reaſon of it, I ſuppoſe, was that the baſe people ſhould not ſee people of quality may be as afflicted as themſelves———

Tat. No; 'tis becauſe they ſhould not ſee 'em as merry as themſelves.

Wid. Ha! ha! ha! Huſſey, you never ſaid that you ſpoke laſt——why 'tis juſt—'tis ſatyr—I'm ſure you ſaw it in my face, that I was going to ſay it—'twas too good for you—Come lay down that ſentence and the pin cuſhion, and pin up my ſhoulder—Hark'ye huſſey, if you ſhou'd, as I hope you won't, out-live me, take care I an't buried in flannel, 'twould never become me, I'm ſure——that they can be as merry: well, I'll tell my new acquaintance———What's her name?——She that reads ſo much, and writes verſes ——Her huſband was deaf the firſt quarter of a year—I forget her name—That expreſſion ſhe'll like—Well, that woman does divert me ſtrangely—I'll be very great with her—She talk'd very learnedly of the ridicule, 'till ſhe was ridiculous—then ſhe ſpoke of the decent—of the agreeable——of the inſenſible——ſhe deſigns to print the diſcourſe—But of all things I like her notion of the inſenſible.

Tat. Pray, Madam, how was that?

Wid. A moſt uſeful diſcourſe to be inculcated in our teens—the purpoſe of it is to diſguiſe our apprehenſion in this ill-bred generation of men, who ſpeak before women what they ought not to hear—As now ſuppoſe you were a ſpark in my company, and you ſpoke ſome double entendre———I look thus! but be a fellow, and you ſhall ſee how I'll uſe you—The inſenſible is uſeful upon any occaſion, where we ſeemingly neglect, and ſecretly approve, which is our ordinary common caſe—Now, ſuppoſe a coxcomb dancing, prating and playing his tricks before me to move me——without pleaſure or diſtaſte in my countenance

tenance I look at him—juſt thus—but—Ha! ha! ha! I have found out a ſupplement to this notion of the inſenſible, for my own uſe, which is infallible, and that is to have always in my head all that they can ſay or do to me———ſo never be ſurpriz'd with laughter, the occaſion of which is always ſudden———

Tat. Oh, my Lady *Brumpton* [Tattleaid *bows and cringes.*] My Lady—your moſt obedient ſervant——

Wid. Look you, wench, you ſee by the art of inſenſibility I put you out of countenance, tho' you were prepar'd for an ill reception———

Tat. Oh! Madam——how juſtly are you form'd for what is now fall'n to you, the empire of mankind———

Wid. O Sir, that puts me out of all my inſenſibility at once——that was ſo gallant—Ha! what noiſe is that—that noiſe of fighting—run, I ſay—whither are you going—what, are you mad——will you leave me alone—can't you ſtir—what, you can't take your meſſage with you—what ever 'tis I ſuppoſe you are not in the plot; not you—nor that now they're breaking open my houſe for *Sharlot*——not you—go ſee what's the matter I ſay, I have no body I can truſt—one [*Exit* Tattleaid.] minute I think this wench honeſt, and the next falſe—whither ſhall I turn me?

Tat. Madam—Madam. [*Re-entring.*

Wid. Madam, Madam, will you ſwallow me gaping—

Tat. Pray, good my Lady, be not ſo out of humour—but there is a company of rogues have ſet upon our ſervants and the burial-man's, while others run away with the corps———

Wid. How, what can this mean? what can they do with it! well, 'twill ſave the charge of interment—but to what end?

Enter

Enter TRUSTY, *and a* SERVANT *bloody and dirty, hauling in* CLUMP *and* BUMPKIN.

Ser. I'll teach you better manners—I'll poor ſoldier you—you dog you. I will—Madam, here are two of the raſcals that were in the gang of rogues that carried away the corps—

Wid. we'll examine 'em apart—well, Sirrah, what are you? whence came you? what's your name? Sirrah.

[Clump *makes ſigns as a dumb man.*

Ser. O you dog, you could ſpeak loud enough juſt now, Sirrah, when your brother rogues maul'd Mr. *Sable*—we'll make you ſpeak, Sirrah—

Wid. Bring the other fellow hither——I ſuppoſe you will own you knew that man before you ſaw him at my door?

Clump. I think I have ſeen the gentleman's face.

[*Bowing to* Bumpkin.

Wid. The gentleman's! the villain mocks me—but, friend, you look like an honeſt man, what are you? whence come you? what are you, friend?

Bump. I'ſe at preſent but a private gentleman, but I was liſted to be a ſerjeant in my Lord *Hardy*'s company—I'ſe not aſham'd of my name, nor of my koptin—

Wid. Leave the room all.

[*Exeunt all but* Truſty *and* Tattleaid.

Mr. *Truſty*---Lord *Hardy!* O that impious young man ---thus, with the ſacrilegious hands of ruffians, to divert his father's aſhes from their urn, and reſt----I ſuſpect this fellow. [*Aſide.*] Mr *Truſty*, I muſt deſire you to be ſtill near me———I'll know the bottom of this, and to Lord *Hardy*'s lodgings as I am, inſtantly---'tis but the back-ſide of this ſtreet, I think---let a coach be call'd---*Tattleaid*, as ſoon as I am gone---conduct my brother and his friends, to Lady *Sharlot*, away with her ---bring *Madamoiſelle* away to me---that ſhe may not be a witneſs---come, good Mr. *Truſty*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Lord HARDY *leading* HARRIOT; CAMPLY *and* TRIM.

L. *H.* Why then I find this Mr. *Trim* is a perfect general---but I'll aſſure you, Sir, I'll never allow you an hero, who could leave your miſtreſs behind you; you ſhould have broke the houſe down, but you ſhould have brought *Madamoiſelle* with you---

Trim. No really, Madam, I have ſeen ſuch ſtrange fears come into the men's heads, and ſuch ſtrange reſolutions into the women's, upon the occaſion of Ladies following a camp, that I thought it more diſcreet to leave her behind me---my ſucceſs will naturally touch her as much as if ſhe were here---

L. *H.* A good intelligent arch-fellow this [*Aſide.*] but were not you ſaying, my Lord, you believ'd Lady *Brumpton* would follow hither---if ſo pray let me be gone---

L. *H.* No, Madam; I muſt beſeech your Ladyſhip to ſtay, for there are things alledg'd againſt her which you, who have liv'd in the family, may, perhaps, give light into, and which I can't believe even ſhe could be guilty of.

L. *H.* Nay, my Lord, that's generous to a folly, for even for her uſage of you (without regard to myſelf) I am ready to believe ſhe would do any thing that can come into the head of a cloſe, malicious, cruel, deſigning woman---

Enter BOY.

Boy. My Lady *Brumpton*'s below---

L. *H.* I'll run then—

Cam. No, no, ſtand your ground; you a ſoldier's wife? come, we'll rally her to death---

L. *H.* Pr'ythee entertain her a little, while I go in for a moment's thought on this occaſion. [*Exit.*

L. *H.* She has more wit than us both———

Cam. Pſaw, no matter for that ——be ſure as ſoon as the ſentence is out of my mouth to clap in with ſomething elſe—and laugh at all I ſay; I'll be grateful,

ful, and burſt myſelf at my pretty witty wife—we'll fall in ſlap upon her,———ſhe ſhan't have time to ſay a word of the running away.

Enter Lady BRUMPTON *and* TRUSTY.

O, my Lady *Brumpton*, your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient ſervant: this is my Lady *Harriot Camply*———why, Madam, your Ladyſhip is immediately in your mourning——nay, as you have more wit than any body, ſo (what ſeldom wits have) you have more prudence too ——other widows have nothing in a readineſs but a ſecond huſband—but you, I ſee, had your very weeds and dreſs lying by you———

L. *H.* Ay, Madam; I ſee your Ladyſhip is of the order of widow-hood, for you have put on the habit———

Wid. I ſee your Ladyſhip is not of the profeſſion of virginity, for you have loſt the look on't——

Cam. You're in the habit——that was ſo pretty, nay, without flattery, Lady *Herriot*, you have a great deal of wit, Ha! ha! ha!

L. *H.* No, my Lady *Brumpton* here is the woman of wit; but indeed ſhe has but little enough, conſidering how much her Ladyſhip has to defend. Ha! ha! ha!

Wid. I am ſorry, Madam, your Ladyſhip has not what's ſufficient for your occaſions, or that this pretty gentleman can't ſupply 'em——

[Camply *dancing about and trolling.*

Hey day! I find, Sir, your heels are a great help to your head—they relieve your wit, I ſee; and I don't queſtion but ere now they have been as kind to your valour; Ha! ha!

Cam. Pox, I can ſay nothing, 'tis always thus with your endeavours to be witty [*Aſide.*] I ſaw, Madam, your mouth go, but there could be nothing offer'd in anſwer to what my Lady *Harriot* ſaid—'twas home—'twas cutting ſatyr——

L. *H.* Oh, Mr. *Camply!* but pray, Madam, has Mr. *Cabinet* viſited your Ladyſhip ſince this calamity—how ſtands that affair now?——

Wid. Nay, Madam, if you already want inſtructions—I'll acquaint you how the world ſtands if you are in diſtreſs—but I fear Mr. *Camply* over-hears us.——

Cam. And all the tune the pipers play'd, was toll-toll-doroll—I ſwear, Lady *Harriot*, were I not already yours, I could have a tender for this Lady.

Wid. Come, good folks, I find we are very free with each other—what makes you two here? do you board my Lord, or he you? come, come, ten ſhillings a head will go a great way in a family—what do you ſay, Mrs. *Camply*, is it ſo? does your Ladyſhip go to market yourſelf—nay, you're in the right of it—come—can you imagine what makes my Lord ſtay—he is not now with his land-ſteward—not ſigning leaſes I hope; Ha! ha! ha!

Cam. Hang her, to have more tongue than a man and his wife too— [*Aſide.*

Enter Lord HARDY.

L. *H.* Becauſe your Ladyſhip is, I know, in very much pain in company you have injur'd—I'll be ſhort—open thoſe doors—there lies your huſband's my father's body——and by you ſtands the man accuſes you of poiſoning him——

Wid. Of poiſoning him!———

Tru. The ſymptoms will appear upon the corps.

L. *H.* But I am ſeiz'd by nature---how ſhall I view a breathleſs lump of clay---him whoſe high veins convey'd to me this vital force, and motion.
I cannot bear that ſight---
I am as fix'd and motionleſs as he---

[*They open the coffin, out of which jumps Lady* Sharlot.

Art thou the ghaſtly ſhape my mind had form'd!
Art thou the cold inanimate---bright maid!
Thou giv'ſt new higher life to all around.
Whither does fancy, fir'd with love, convey me!

Whither

Whither tranſported by my pleaſing fury!
The ſeaſon vaniſhes at thy approach;
'Tis morn, 'tis ſpring---
Daiſies and lilies ſtrow thy flow'ry way,
Why is my fair unmov'd---my heav'nly fair;
Does ſhe but ſmile at my exalted rapture?

L. *Sh.* Oh! ſenſe of praiſe to me unfelt before,
Speak on, ſpeak on, and charm my attentive ear:
How ſweet applauſe is from an honeſt tongue.
Thou lov'ſt my mind——haſt well affection plac'd;
In what, nor time, nor age, nor care, nor want can alter.
Oh how I joy in thee——my eternal lover;
Immutable as the object of thy flame!
I love, I'm proud, I triumph that I love,
Pure, I approach thee——nor did I with empty ſhows,
Gorgeous attire, or ſtudied negligence,
Or ſong, or dance, or ball, allure thy ſoul;
Nor want, or fear, ſuch arts, to keep, or loſe it:
Nor now with fond reluctance doubt to enter
My ſpacious, bright abode, this gallant heart.
[*Reclines on* Hardy.

L. *H.* Ay marry——theſe are high doings indeed, the greatneſs of the occaſion has burſt their paſſion into ſpeech——why, Mr. *Gamply*, when we are near theſe fine folks, you and I are but meer ſweethearts—I proteſt—I'll never be won ſo; you ſhall begin again with me.

Cam. Pr'ythee, why doſt name us poor animals! they have forgot there are any ſuch creatures as their old acquaintance *Tom* and *Harriot*.

L. *H.* So we did indeed, but you'll pardon us.

Cam. My Lord, I never thought to ſee the minute wherein I ſhould rejoice at your forgetting me, but now I do heartily. [*Embracing.*

L. *Sh.* *Harriot.* } *Embracing.*
L. *H.* *Sharlot.* }

Wid. Sir, you're at the bottom of all this——I ſee you're ſkill'd at cloſe conveyances——I'll know the meaning

meaning inſtantly of theſe intricacies, 'tis not your ſeeming honeſty and gravity ſhall ſave you from your deſerts———my huſband's death was ſudden——you and the burial fellow were obſerv'd very familiar—produce my huſband's body——or I'll try you for his murder; which I find you'd put on me, thou helliſh engine!

Tru. Look you, Madam, I could anſwer you, but I ſcorn to reproach people in miſery—you're undone—Madam———

Wid. What does the dotard mean? produce the body, villain, or the law ſhall have thine for it——— [Truſty *exit haſtily*] do you deſign to let the villain eſcape? how juſtly did your father judge, that made you a beggar with that ſpirit———you meant juſt now you could not bear the company of thoſe you'd injur'd.

L. *H.* You are a woman, Madam, and my father's widow——but ſure you think you've highly injur'd me.

[*Here my Lord and* Truſty *half enter and obſerve.*

Wid. No, Sir, I have not, will not, injure you—I muſt obey the will of my deceas'd Lord to a tittle——I muſt juſtly pay legacies. Your father, in conſideration that you were his blood, would not wholly alienate you—he left you, Sir, this ſhilling, with which eſtate you now are Earl of *Brumpton*——

L. *H.* Inſolent woman—it was not me, my good father diſinherited, t'was him you repreſented. The guilt was thine, he did an act of juſtice.

Lord BRUMPTON *entering with* TRUSTY.

L. *Brum.* Oh unparallel'd goodneſs!

Tattleaid *and* Madamoiſelle *at the other door entering.*

Tru. Oh *Tattleaid*—his and our hour is come.

Wid. What do I ſee, my Lord, my maſter, huſband living!

L. *Brum.* [*Turning from her, running to his ſon.*] Oh my boy, my ſon ——Mr. *Camply---Sharlot---Harriot*

[*All*

[*All kneeling to him*] O my children—Oh, oh! theſe paſſions are too ſtrong for my old frame—Oh the ſweet torture! my ſon, my ſon! I ſhall expire in the too mighty pleaſure! my body!

L. *H.* A ſon, an heir! a bridegroom in one hour! Oh! grant me, heav'n, grant me moderation!

Wid. A ſon, an heir! am I neglected then?
What? can my Lord revive, yet dead to me?
Only to me deceas'd—to me alone,
Deaf to my ſighs, and ſenſeleſs to my moan?

L. *Brum.* 'Tis ſo long ſince I have ſeen plays, good Madam, that I know not whence thou doſt repeat, nor can I anſwer.

Wid. You can remember tho' a certain ſettlement, in which I am thy ſon and heir—great noble, that I ſuppoſe not taken from a play, that's as irrevocable as law can make it, that if you ſcorn me—your death and life are equal—or I'll ſtill wear my mourning 'cauſe you're living.

Tru. Value her not, my Lord, a prior obligation made you incapable of ſettling on her your wife.

L. *Brum.* Thy kindneſs, *Truſty*, does diſtract thee—I would indeed diſengage myſelf by any honeſt means, but, alas, I know no prior gift that avoids this to her—Oh my child!

Tru. Look you, Madam, I'll come again immediately—be not troubled, my dear Lords— [*Exit.*

Com. Truſty, looks very confident, there is ſome good in that.

Re-enter TRUSTY *with* CABINET.

Cab. What, my Lord *Brumpton* living? nay then—

Tru. Hold, Sir, you muſt not ſtir, nor can you, Sir, retract this for your hand writing—my Lord, this gentleman, ſince your ſuppos'd death, has lurk'd about the houſe to ſpeak with my Lady, or *Tattleaid* who upon your deceaſe have ſhunn'd him, in hopes, I ſuppoſe, to buy him off for ever—now as he was prying about,

about, he peep'd into your cloſet——where he ſaw your Lordſhip reading—ſtruck with horror, and believing himſelf (as well he might) the diſturber of your ghoſt for alienation of your fortune from your family—he writ me this letter, wherein he acknowledges a private marriage with this Lady, half a year before you ever ſaw her.

All How! [*All turn upon her diſdainfully.*—

Wid. No more a widow then, but ſtill a wife,
[*Recovering from her confuſion.*
I am thy wife—thou author of my evil.
Thou muſt partake with me an homely board,
An homely board that never ſhall be chearful;
But ev'ry meal embitter'd with upbraidings.
Thou that couldſt tell me, good and ill were words,
When thou could'ſt baſely let me to another,
Yet could'ſt ſee ſprights, great unbeliever!
Coward! bugg-bear'd penitent—
Stranger henceforth to all my joys, my joys,
To thy diſhonour; deſpicable thing,
Diſhonour thee? thou voluntary cuckold.

[Cabinet *ſneaks off*, Widow *flings after him*, Tattleaid *following*.

L. *Brum.* I ſee you're all confus'd as well as I—ye are my children—I hold you all ſo. And for your own uſe will ſpeak plainly to you, I cannot hate that woman: nor ſhall ſhe ever want. Tho' I ſcorn to bear her injuries—yet had I ne'er been rous'd from that low paſſion to a worthleſs creature—but by diſdain of her attempt on my friend's child. I am glad that ſcorn's confirm'd by her being that fellow's—whom for my own ſake I only will contemn. Thee, *Truſty*, how ſhall we proſecute with equal praiſe and thanks for this great revolution in our houſe!

Tru. Never to ſpeak on't more, my Lord.

L. *Brum.* You are now, gentleman, going into cares at a criſis in your country.
And on this great occaſion *Tom.*—I'll mount

Old

Old *Camply* which thy father gave me,
And attend thee a chearful gay old man,
Into the field to repreſent our country,
My rough *Plebeian Britons*, not yet ſlaves
To *France*, ſhall mount thy father's ſon
Upon their ſhoulders. Echo loud their joy—
While I and *Truſty* follow weeping after:
But be thou honeſt, firm, impartial,
Let neither love, nor hate, nor faction, move thee,
Diſtinguiſh words from things, and men from crimes;
Punctual be thou in payments, nor baſely
Screen thy faults 'againſt law, behind the
Laws thou makeſt—
But thou againſt my death, muſt learn a ſupererogatory morality. [*To Lord* Hardy.
As he is to be juſt, be generous thou:
Nor let thy reaſonable ſoul be ſtruck
With ſounds and appellations, title is
No more, if not ſignificant
Of ſomething that's ſuperior in thyſelf
To other men, of which thou may'ſt be
Conſcious, yet not proud—but if you ſwerve
From higher virtue than the crowd poſſeſs,
Know they that call thee honourable mock thee.
You are to be a peer, by birth a judge
Upon your honour of others lives and fortunes;
Becauſe that honour's dearer than your own.
Be good, my ſon, and be a worthy Lord:
For when our ſhining virtues bleſs mankind,
We diſappoint the livid malecontents,
Who long to call our noble order uſeleſs.
Our All's in danger, Sir, nor ſhall you dally
Your youth away with your fine wives.
No, in your country's cauſe you ſhall meet death,
While feeble we with minds reſign'd do wait it,
Not but I intend your nuptials as ſoon as poſſible, to draw intails and ſettlements. How neceſſary ſuch things are, I had like to have been a fatal inſtance.

Cam.

Cam. But, my Lord, here are a couple that need not wait ſuch ceremonies. Pleaſe but to ſit: you've been extremely mov'd, and muſt be tir'd. You ſay we muſt not ſpend our time in dalliance; you'll ſee, my Lord, the entertainment reminds us alſo of nobler things, and what I deſign'd for my own wedding, I'll compliment the general with. The bride dances finely ——*Trim*, will you dance with her?

Trim. I will but I can't—there's a country-man of hers without, by accident.

Cam. Ay, but is he a dancer?

Trim. Is a *Frenchman* a dancer? is a *Welſhman* a gentleman? I'll bring him in———

[*Here a dance and the following ſongs.*

Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcel*

Sung by *Jemmie Bowin.*

I.

ON yonder bed ſupinely laid,
Behold thy lov'd expecting maid:
In tremor, bluſhes, half in tears,
Much, much ſhe wiſhes, more ſhe fears.
Take, take her to thy faithful arms,
Hymen *beſtows thee all her charms.*

II.

Heav'n to thee bequeaths the fair,
To raiſe thy joy, and lull thy care:
Heav'n made grief, if mutual, ceaſe,
But joy divided, to increaſe:
To mourn with her exceeds delight,
Darkneſs with her, the joys of light.

Sung

Sung by Mr. *Pate.*

I.

ARISE, ariſe, great dead, for arms renown'd,
Riſe from your urns, and ſave your dying ſtory;
Your deeds will be in dark oblivion drown'd,
For mighty William *ſeizes all your glory.*

II.

Again the Britiſh *trumpet ſounds.*
Again Britannia *bleeds;*
To glorious death, or comely wounds,
Her Godlike monarch leads.

III.

Pay us, kind fate, the debt you owe,
Celeſtial minds from clay untie,
Let coward ſpirits dwell below,
And only give the brave to die.

L. *Brum.* Now, gentlemen, let the miſeries which I have but miraculouſly eſcap'd, admoniſh you to have always inclinations proper for the ſtage of life you're in. Don't follow love when nature ſeeks but eaſe: otherwiſe you'll fall into a lethargy of your diſhonour, when warm purſuits of glory are over with you; for fame and reſt are utter oppoſites.

You who the path of honour make your guide,
Muſt let your paſſion with your blood ſubſide;
And no untim'd ambition, love, or rage
Employ the moments of declining age:
Elſe boys will in your preſence loſe their fear,
And laugh at the gray-head they ſhould revere.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Lord *Hardy*.

LOVE, Hope and Fear, Deſire, Averſion, Rage,
All that can move the Soul, or can aſſuage,
Are drawn in Miniature of Life, the Stage.
Here you can view yourſelves, and here is ſhown
To what you're born in Sufferings not your own.
The Stage to Wiſdom's no fantaſtic Way,
Athens *herſelf learn'd Virtue at a Play.*
Our Author me to night a Soldier drew,
But faintly writ, what warmly you purſue:
To his great Purpoſe, had he equal Fire,
He'd not aim to pleaſe only, but inſpire;
He'd ſing what hovering Fate attends our Iſle,
And from baſe Pleaſure rouſe to glorious Toil:
Full time the Earth t' a new Deciſion brings;
While William *gives the* Roman *Eagle Wings:*
With Arts and Arms ſhall Britain *tamely end,*
Which naked Picts *ſo bravely could defend?*
The painted Heroes on th' Invaders preſs,
And think their Wounds Addition to their Dreſs,
In younger Years we've been with Conqueſt bleſt,
And Paris *has the* Britiſh *Yoke confeſs'd;*
Is't then in England, *in loſt* England, *known,*
Her Kings are nam'd from a revolted Throne?
But we offend—you no Examples need,
In imitation of yourſelves proceed;
'Tis you your Country's Honour muſt ſecure,
Be all your Actions worthy of Namur:
With gentle Fires your Gallantry improve,
Courage is brutal, if untouch'd with Love:
If ſoon our utmoſt Bravery's not diſplay'd,
Think that bright Circle muſt be Captives made,
Let Thoughts of ſaving them our Toils beguile,
And they reward our Labours with a Smile.

FINIS.